THE

TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

A

POEM.

IN SIXTY-SIX CANTOS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH CANTO.

FAST by the entrance of Elyſium ſtood,
With iron walls that ſtem the ſulphurous flood,
The gloomy manſions of the Stygian King;
Whoſe vaults with never-ceaſing clamours ring.

Diſeaſe

Diſeaſe and Want ſit pining at the gate
And all the dreaded harbingers of fate;
Sorrow and racking Cares and nerveleſs Age,
Reſiſtleſs Famine and revengeful Rage;
Remorſe and Jealouſy with blood defiled
And Madneſs with her fixed eyes ſtaring wild;
Self-waſting Melancholy black as night;
Devoted Suicide that ſhuns the ſight.
Here of terrific form and viſage fell
Anguiſh and Death and teeming Diſcord dwell;
Relentleſs War with Havock by his ſide
And Slaughter with the blood of thouſands dyed;
The Furies ſtretched upon their iron beds
With creſted ſerpents twining round their heads.
Full in the midſt an aged Elm is ſpread
And through the gloom uprears his giant head;

On every branch the thronging viſions teem
And each light leaf ſupports ſome airy dream.
A thouſand ſpectres here portentous glare
And winged monſters cleave the duſky air.
Heavens, what an indiſtinguiſhable brood!
What threatening aſpects freeze the vital flood!
Some that with beſtial feet imprint the ground,
And ſome whoſe fiery eyes ſpread death around.
Voracious Hydra in the paſſage ſtands
And fierce ~~Brigens~~ Briareus with his hundred hands;
Harpies and Centaurs and Chimeras dire,
And hiſſing Pythons fraught with liquid fire.
Huge Polyphemus, Geryon's triple ſhade;
With pealing mouths begirt the beſtial maid;
Enormous Sphynx outſpreads her lion claws,
Waves her broad wings and opes her ravenous jaws.

Here

Here Hell with ſhapes yet unimagined teems,
Here all in one dread ſcene confus'dly gleams.
But full in view, three portals vaſt and wide
The palace of the infernal King divide.
The firſt admits the innumerable throng
Whom Minos judges as they paſs along.
Each from the fatal urn his lot receives
That bliſs or woe irrevocable gives:
Whence to the right or left they file away
Conſigned to Orcus or the realms of day.
In mute ſuſpenſe attentive myriads wait,
While he to each proclaims his dubious fate.
Calm and ſerene the juſt and good appear,
And o'er the doleful gloom protected ſteer;
While through the rebel hoſt deep groans are heard
From preſent ills endured or future feared.

Wide

Wide o'er the deep reſounds their ceaſeleſs din;
Ere well their ſentence ends, their pangs begin.
Avenging Fiends conduct them to the gate
And execute the dread decrees of fate.
Here with redoubled groans and fearful cries
O'er the deep gulf they caſt their baleful eyes,
And curſe their Judge, the ſoil on which they trod,
Themſelves, their friends, their parents, and their God;
Each living ſoul that crawls upon the earth;
And even the very ſeed that gave them birth.
To ſulphurous flames then take their deſtined way
That inbred guilt alone can waſh away.
Swift as the winds that in their rapid courſe
Sweep the dark vallies with reſiſtleſs force,
And leaves and flowers and ſhattered branches bear
In wild confuſion through the troubled air,

High

High o'er the ruffled main and proſtrate grove
Onward in clouds of duſt ſuperbly move,
Through the dark regions of the waſteful deep
The radiant Herald's ruſtling pinions ſweep.
He calls ſo loud, the hollow roofs rebound,
And Phlegethon rebellows to the ſound.
Straight from her couch Tiſiphone uproſe;
The circling vipers from her viſage throws.
Around her limbs a mantle broad ſhe caſt
And with a ſnake begirt her ſhrivelled waiſt,
Then ſeized her torch, ſtill wet with human gore;
And of her mangled prey ſtretched o'er the floor
The torturing agonies awhile ſuſpends,
And towards the well-known voice obſequious bends.
To whom the God: Shall theſe alone endure
Eternal pains, while Tyrants live ſecure?

Swift

Swift to the Heſperian Iſles direct thy flight
And urge the captive train to mortal fight,
That their Oppreſſors may thoſe ſufferings ſhare
Which for their wretched Slaves they now prepare;
That 'midſt the terrors of avenging ſteel
Their callous hearts may learn at length to feel:
But not to all, ſuch miſeries extend,
The dues of vengeance for a while ſuſpend,
That by the horrors of the ſcene impreſt
A late repentance may redeem the reſt.
But if the rights of men they ſtill invade,
If by this grand example undiſmayed
They would extend their chains to future times
And ſtill perſiſt in ſuch opprobrious crimes,
The whole theſe dire calamities muſt prove!
So ſpeed thy way; ſuch is the will of Jove.

Nor let inferior crimes thy cares engage,
'Gainſt Slavery direct thy utmoſt rage;
Let retributive Juſtice be purſued
Till even the name be blotted out with blood.
He ſpake; the hell-born Goddeſs ſpeeds her way
And grins delighted with her promiſed prey.
The brazen Caldron now with haſte prepares,
With liquid venom fills, and ſighs, and tears,
The indignant horror of oppreſſion's chain,
The ſovereign contempt of death and pain,
Implacable revenge, that ſpurns reſtraint,
Audacious enterprize, reſiſtance faint,
The memory of wrongs, the thirſt of fame,
Rape, murder, rapine, tumult, want, and ſhame,
Mixed with Cerberian foam and infant blood;
Then in one maſs congealed pronounced it good.

Around

Around her arm Gorgonian ſerpents bend,
Mourning, Affright, and Rage, her ſteps attend.

END OF THE THIRTY-SIXTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

MEANWHILE on indefatigable wings
Towards the realms of light Cyllenius ſprings;
That like a meteor ſeen or blazing Star
Now glare with dazzling radiance from afar.

Above the Avernian lake exulting ſoars
And ſteers his courſe along the Etrurian ſhores.
The ruddy ſtreaks of morn at length were paſt
And beams of burniſhed gold the ſky o'ercaſt;
The ſcattered ſhades along the horizon ſkim,
The clouds in liquid light luxurious ſwim,
And each bright herald of approaching day
Recedes before the Sun's reſplendent ray;
Who lingers ſtill the illumined hills beneath.
Soft from the eaſt ambroſial zephyrs breathe.
Now half diſcloſed he lifts his radiant head;
Groves, ſtreams, and meads, their ſweeteſt incenſe ſhed:
Now through the welkin ſpeeds his glorious way
And joyous nature feels his boundleſs ſway.
O'er many a deſart waſte the godhead ſtrays
And ſtream forlorn, the boaſt of ancient days,

Where

Where erſt the Roman eagle proudly ſoared
And navies rode that diſtant ſeas explored:
With awful ruins ſpread that plainly tell
From what a towering height their empire fell.
The paragons of art, alas! too few,
That envious time had ſpared, attract his view;
Which though impaired and haſtening to decay,
Inimitable graces ſtill diſplay,
And gild the darkened age with heavenly light:
Of the wide earth the wonder and delight.
That even the frozen myriads of the north
Still from their native foreſts iſſuing forth,
Though now no more with thirſt of vengeance fired
But with congenial thoughts at length inſpired,
View with unſated pleaſure o'er and o'er:
That from the Atlantic main's remoteſt ſhore

To where firſt gleam the ſplendors of the day,
Innumerable crowds have taught to ſtray:
Enamoured Artiſts ſtill in ſhoals ſurround
And tread with ſecret awe the hallowed ground;
From early dawn to light's laſt glimmering ray
With unabated ectaſies ſurvey.
Of all ſucceeding times the rule and guide,
The ſpur of genius and the bane of pride,
The ſole criterions of taſte refined,
That purge the ſenſe, expand the youthful mind,
Awake an energy unknown before,
That all who ſee Pygmalion-like adore.
Which to the world this obvious truth diſplay,
That taſte with public virtue muſt decay;
Since genuine freedom can alone inſpire
That true refinement which the arts require;

Since

Since thoſe chaſte forms that are the Muſes' pride
Are to politic happineſs allied;
Since that delight which genius can impart
Springs from the nobleſt feelings of the heart;
Since when the rights of empires are betrayed,
When Slavery's crimſon banners are diſplayed,
The Muſes' genuine honours ſoon decay
And every nice diſtinction waſtes away;
Till on the fickle waves of faſhion toſt,
All energy of character is loſt.

Onward he ſails to Britain's temperate clime
And o'er the Alpine ſummits peers ſublime;
That while the Sun exhales the melting ſnow
Shine like a ſea of liquid fire below,
Veil with exceſs of light the empyrean air
And on their ſubject vales refulgent glare.

Nor

Nor turns to view Italia's velvet green,
Nor pauſes o'er the variegated ſcene;
Where the rude Apennines majeſtic riſe
Amid romantic vales and azure ſkies:
Where placid lakes the tufted hills divide
And Eridanus pours his ſilver tide;
Cerulean bays on either ſide expand
And laughing plenty gladdens all the land.
Or where the ſtately ſpires of Venice gleam,
That ſtands ſecure 'mid Adria's boiſterous ſtream;
Where the rapt Pilgrim views with doubting eyes,
O'er the blue waves a Capital ariſe.
Of wealth and commerce ſtill the favoured ſeat,
And erſt of freedom too the proud retreat:
Though long diveſted of its priſtine fame,
Still of its ancient form preſerves the name.

Now

Now plunged in ignorance and ſloth ſupine
The grand majority their rights reſign:
Nor arbitrary power in one reſides,
But through a thouſand varied channels glides.
Yet even here to live were better far
Than 'mid the tumults of inteſtine war;
Where from its very baſe the ſtate uptorn
Is round and round through ceaſeleſs changes born,
In theory ſtill mounting to the ſkies
In practice fraught with crimes and miſeries.
Abuſes veiled beneath ſome ſpecious name
Still in deſpight of change remain the ſame.
Where all exiſting forms are caſt away
Ere the crude embryo blunders into day:
Nor after pains and plagues and perils paſt,
A fair equivalent is found at laſt.

But

But even though genuine freedom ſhould ſucceed,
To the ſame end more moderate means might lead:
How ſhort, how dubious even when attained,
The events of every age have aſcertained.
Since the grand object that we all propoſe
Is to enſure ſome rational repoſe,
Since perfect bliſs we here can ſcarce attain,
'Twere well to prize the little we can gain;
To realiſe thoſe rights we would extend
By meaſures well adapted to their end.
Since few can reach as high as hope aſpires,
To check at leaſt inordinate deſires;
Nor like the deſperate Gambler ſtake our all,
By one dead caſt precipitate our fall;
Renounce the real bleſſings we enjoy
To ſoar in dreams of ſpeculative joy;

The

The rights of man with ſuch high zeſt purſue
That thoſe which we poſſeſs eſcape our view;
And feel at laſt in bitterneſs of ſoul
How ſmall a part may comprehend the whole:
Since Prince or Peaſant here may paſs away,
Even here, ſecurely paſs, life's fleeting day.
Now Gallia's fertile plains he ſkims along,
And views with deep regret the martial throng
Who on all ſides their hoſtile banners rear,
That ſtream like meteors through the darkened air.
Where in diſaſtrous war, with ruthleſs rage,
The powers combined of half the earth engage.
Since on whichever ſide the ſcale may bend
No real good can to their States extend;
But miſchiefs without number muſt accrue,
To ſwell the pride of an ambitious few:

Since freedom muſt at length her hopes reſign
With Democrats or Deſpots to combine.

END OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLINEUS:

THE THIRTY EIGHTH CANTO

HERE flushed with crimes a sanguinary band
Spread desolation o'er their native land,
And in the wantonness of power uproar
All peace, all amity, from shore to shore.
With their own murderous rage and rancorous hate

Infect

Infect the very vitals of the ſtate:
Who by no rule or impulſe ſeem to move
But a contempt of all that others love;
Or found at leaſt that freedom they revere
Upon the wreck of all we hold moſt dear.
With public maſſacres inſult the laws
And crown the reeking ruffian with applauſe,
To more than Roman virtue ſtill pretend,
Still to the meaneſt artifice deſcend,
To more unwarrantable acts than thoſe
That e'er diſgraced the tyrants they oppoſe.
Cement their government with guiltleſs blood
And wade through anarchy to publick good:
By the moſt ſtrange perverſion of the mind
Make liberty the curſe of humankind,

That

That even the ſlaves of Ind or Cherſoneſe
Would ſcarce rebel for bleſſings ſuch as theſe.
The rolls of juſtice pompouſly expand
Yet with a rod of iron rule the land;
And to the world one truth at leaſt diſplay
How weak are laws where faction bears the ſway.
Who not content their frontiers to defend
To other realms their frenzy would extend:
Portentouſly announce their utmoſt aid
To all who dare their Sovereign's rights invade.
With ſecret bribes promote this work of ſhame.
O'er neutral ſtates with diabolick aim,
Seditious tracts and creeds of guilt extend;
Nay even to league with ſatellites deſcend;
Who far and wide their baneful maxims ſpread

And o'er the heart envenomed malice ſhed,
That earth's remoteſt clime their influence owns
And even Monarchs tremble on their thrones.
Their boaſted rights ferociouſly aſſert,
Yet thoſe of others unprovoked ſubvert;
Who beneath moderation's ſeemlieſt veil,
By many a ſpecious phraſe and garbled tale,
Philippicks on the vices of the great
And the defects of each ſurrounding ſtate,
Their vows to emulate the golden age
And in deſtructive wars no more engage
Their glory or dominion to encreaſe,
Profeſsing juſtice liberty and peace
And the loſt rights of nations to recall,
With views in fact inimical to all,

Would

Would ſpread o'er Europe their victorious arms
And fill her peaceful realms with fierce alarms;
Commit more crimes in teaching to rebel,
Than thoſe for which the worſt of Tyrants fell;
With dire proſcriptions ſtain the affrighted age;
Where ſacrificed to their inſatiate rage,
Avert it heaven! if e'er they ſhould ſucceed,
Thoſe that we moſt eſteem muſt ſurely bleed:
All forms of government would overturn
And all religions too indignant ſpurn,
To ſubſtitute that phantom they adore,
That frighful anarchy, that wild uproar,
Which ſcarce of government deſerves the name;
Whoſe leaſt defect, invective to diſclaim,
Is everlaſting tumults to excite

That

That ſhake the very baſe of ſocial right,
Of lawleſs power perpetuate the fears
And fill the beggared land with widowed tears.
A ſubtle ruthleſs and inſidious race
That laws both human and divine outface;
That even while we cordially deteſt
Scarce in their genuine colours ſtand confeſt;
Since time alone can faithfully diſplay
This fatal cloſe of freedom's happieſt day;
And check that indiſcriminate applauſe
Politic Tyros laviſh on their cauſe.
There by repeated inſults rouſed to arms,
Invaded rights and unprovoked alarms,
The ſecret dread of each ſurrounding ſtate
At ſcenes of blood too horrid to relate,

The balanced power of Europe overthrown,
Of outraged royalty the expiring groan,
And thoſe ſeditious tenets to diſperſe
That all politic ſyſtems muſt reverſe,
Confederate Chiefs their utmoſt force employ
Theſe all-devouring Monſters to deſtroy.
Yet while in this grand conflict they engage,
Oh curſe of curſes! Oh degenerate age!
Wide o'er a peaceful and contented land
The din of war inſidiouſly expand;
Without the leaſt pretext or lawful claim,
Loſt to all ſenſe of juſtice or of ſhame,
Even in defiance of their plighted word,
Fraud for their guide, their arbiter the ſword,
Seize on the remnant they had ſpared before

And grievances by all abhorred reſtore.
On the rent ſtate their hated yoke impoſe;
The ſport and prey of her inſulting foes.
Who while the rights of ſovereigns they maintain
And democratic fury would reſtrain,
The miſchiefs they deplore themſelves excite
And bid defiance to all public right;
Diſgrace the very cauſe they would defend:
Nay even to oppreſs the weak deſcend:
Their real characters too ſoon diſplay,
Fight to enſlave, profeſs but to betray;
Prince's nor People's rights one jot regard
But where they tend to conqueſt or reward;
And all thoſe noble maxims laugh to ſcorn
That ſerve their proud memorials to adorn.

Which

Which in the ſeemlieſt garb are ever dreſt,
Where the moſt flagrant actions ſtand confeſt;
And plainly ſhow to what their councils tend
Who on the ſmiles of Sovereigns would depend.
Though all at length ſeems tranquil and ſerene,
Nor brooding thunders overcaſt the ſcene,
Though gilded chains ſit lightly on the hand,
Nor licenſed maſſacres diſgrace the land,
Yet are the very meaſures they propoſe
The real ſource of thoſe unnumbered woes
That Gallia's diſtracted ſons oppreſs:
Which with officious zeal they would redreſs:
Since power thus gained we fairly may ſuppoſe
Will ever be employed as it aroſe,
And if by public robbery obtained

Will ſcarcely be by public rights reſtrained.
Though for a while even Catherine might be juſt,
Yet to a diſtant period can we truſt?
Though with the public good her intereſt chimes,
Yet who dares anſwer through ſucceeding times
No helpleſs victims may be doomed to bleed?
No Neros or Calligulas ſucceed?
Or that an act on pure compulſion ſigned
Will to oblivious ſilence be conſigned?
That thoſe rebellious ſparks that muſt impart
A ſenſe of wrongs long-feſtering in the heart,
May not one day burſt out into a flame?
And check the mirth of that inſidious game
That ſwells a revenue at others coſt
And founds dominion on honor loſt:

From

From whence thoſe diſcontents derive their birth
That ſpread eternal havock o'er the earth,
That theſe bold champions of politic right
Repreſs on this hand, and on that incite;
That only ſerves to raiſe ſome Ruffian's name
High on the records of immortal fame;
Or if perchance ſucceſsfully withſtood,
To drench their ill-earned conqueſts with their blood.
Thus though erewhile enamoured of their cauſe,
Reflection checks gratuitous applauſe;
And while around contending ſquadrons ſweep
Humanity can only think and weep.

END OF THE THIRTYEIGHTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLINEUS:

THE THIRTYNINTH CANTO.

TOWARDS Britain now he bends his roving eyes
And her white cliffs and fertile vales deſcries:
Where amid duſky columns faintly gleams,

Entangled

Entangled fleets and navigable ſtreams
And ſuburbs wide ſpread over half the plain,
The boaſt of earth, the empreſs of the main.
High o'er her hundred ſpires he ſailed along,
And mixed unheeded with the rival throng
That towards Saint Stephen's porch direct their way
To hear of eloquence ſome proud diſplay.
As he advanced the folding doors recede,
While thus a Youth proclaimed his public creed.
If what may to the general welfare tend
It be the pride of Britons to defend,
With uncorrupted zeal to expoſe to light
The leaſt infringement of each chartered right,
If Miniſters are viewed with jealous eye
Their every fraud and folly to deſcry,

Our

Our wonted vigilance ſhall we forego
Duped by the arts of an inſidious foe?
Who by the mere contagion of a word
Has more effected than by fire and ſword.
By wiles at length the envied fabrick tried
That has from age to age her force defied;
And thoſe vile maxims far and wide diſperſed
That have at once ſurrounding ſtates reverſed.
If the moſt trifling wrongs our peace annoy,
Much more ſhould thoſe that muſt all rights deſtroy:
Which now to ſuch alarming heights increaſe
As muſt ere long uproar the public peace.
Even now we tremble on the verge of fate:
Even now our efforts may arrive too late.
I who in open oppoſition ſtood

And

And of corruption ſtemmed the encroaching flood,
Early and late have ſtudied to expoſe
The latent ſources of politic woes,
Dragged from their dark retreat the hydra brood,
The zealous Champion of my country's good,
Devote to Miniſters my utmoſt aid;
Who with the majeſty of power arrayed,
With our united efforts can alone
Effectually ſupport the tottering throne.
Such claims as theſe all parties ſhould allow
And every honeſt man his thoughts avow.
Let thoſe reflect who now their aid refuſe
And o'er the public perils calmly muſe,
Survey without a pang the menaced blow,
And ſee a friend where moſt we dread a foe,

Who

Who in dark hints ſuſpicious views reveal,
And ſerve the ſtate with democratic zeal,
Blend with promiſcuous wrongs a nation's fall,
Still graſping after more relinquiſh all,
And like the dog deluded by the ſtream
Renounce a ſubſtance and embrace a dream,
That when theſe Gallic frenzies are aſſwaged
Which o'er one half the world reſiſtleſs raged
And dawning peace has recompenſed our pains,
When the quick pulſe beats healthful in our veins,
All rational reforms muſt ſoon ſucceed;
And the grand objects of the patriot's creed,
Sanctioned by law, and ſeaſonably renewed,
With univerſal ardor be purſued.
For who can contemplate the wild uproar

That

That now extends o'er Gaul's remoteſt ſhore,
The enormous ſtretch of power that gave it birth,
The general tremor that pervades the earth,
But muſt perceive the ſole effectual cure
Is the loſt rights of nations to ſecure;
To ſpurn the ſolemn mockeries of ſtate,
Repreſs the o'erwhelming influence of the great,
Subſtantial juſtice through all ranks expand,
And hold the balance with impartial hand.
Who have the public confidence retained
In plenitude of power ſhould be ſuſtained;
And the black clouds that o'er our freedom lower
Forgot amidſt the perils of the hour.
Nay even the abuſes under which we groan
Now makes their cauſe more properly our own:

Since

Since the internal weakneſs of a ſtate
Muſt needs accelerate approaching fate;
Since where inteſtine troubles lead the way
It falls to anarchy an eaſy prey:
Nor all the wrongs of which we now complain,
Nor even the diſcontents that hourly reign,
Are ſo tremendous as the effects of thoſe
That are excited by our open foes.
Here ſecret influence has our wiſhes croſt,
There all is irremediably loſt;
Here the ſame forms may ages hence remain,
There forms expire, and chaos comes again;
Here laws united efforts may reſtore,
There in an hour may ſink, to riſe no more;
And the torn ſtate from noonday ſplendors hurled

Afford

Afford a leſſon to the aſtoniſhed world.
In times like theſe our efforts to divide
Were with the common enemy to ſide,
And for a doubtful compromiſe to wait
Becomes an act of treachery to the ſtate;
Even the bold Champion of our outraged laws,
The worſt of traitors to his country's cauſe.
Though from my ancient colleagues I diſſent,
Upon the public welfare ſole intent,
Their general principles I would purſue,
Still to our glorious conſtitution true:
And of my intereſt in its true behoof
Have now advanced the moſt ſubſtantial proof:
If the moſt rooted habits to diſclaim,
A ſovereign contempt of praiſe or blame,

Be

Be any proof of patriotic zeal
Or firm attachment to the common weal.
If favor or affection intervene
Or jarring principles excite our ſpleen,
If private views o'er public intereſts tower,
'Twere vain to counteract the ſtrides of power
Or ſeek a refuge from impending ſtorms;
A factious ſpirit baffles all reforms.
Who to a Patron's ſmile directs his aim
Of friendſhip proſtitutes the hallowed name,
And to an Idol bends the ſupple knee:
None but the virtuous ever can be free.
From inbred vice to purge the tainted land,
Through every part its priſtine health expand,
And intercept of fate the impending blow,

All other views with joy I would forego;
Would pour my blood and ſtrain each tortured nerve;
Yet ſtill with all its frailties would preſerve.
But our immediate dangers to repel,
Both foreign and inteſtine foes to quell,
To this important change muſt lead the way.
Shall then domeſtic broils our ſteps delay
While o'er the doom devouring flames aſcend?
Shall we while raging winds our tackle rend
In deſultory ſtrain our lot deplore?
Or liſten to the ſwelling ocean's roar?
The important criſis let us nobly ſhare,
To other objects then extend our care.
So ſhall politic ferments be allayed,
So ſhall our patriot virtues be diſplayed,

And

And Britain with increaſing luſtre riſe:

Sure for the day our preſent ills ſuffice.

END OF THE THIRTYNINTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLINEUS:

THE FORTIETH CANTO.

HE ſpoke; whilſt from the mingled crowds around
The ſmothered groans of diſcontent reſound
And deep deſpondence ſat on every brow,
To hear their patriot friend ſuch thoughts avow

As

As muſt the credit of their ſect impair,
Which ſtill they watch with ever anxious care;
Still view their country's good with looks aſkance
Or ſolely for their private ends advance;
To theſe their thoughts, to theſe their lives devote,
And teaſe and fret and foam and rail and vote.
Their last good man like Abdiel withdrew
Amid the taunts of the rebellious crew.

New themes at length 'midſt high debates aroſe
And the warm conflict ſtill more warmly glows.
Here crowds at once with mingled accents riſe,
" To order" there, ſome thundering voice replies;
Here their weak ſides contending foes deſcry,
There winged with wit their tingling arrows fly;
Here of the bankrupt ſtate the wrongs deplore,
There the high jeſt augments the general roar;

Here eager to explain the veteran ſtands,
There the raw youth his ſluggard frame expands,
Or ſounds with inſolence and wine replete
O'er the rough floor the ſignal of retreat;
Here the vexed Patriot finds his wishes croſt,
There bluſhing merit in a trope is loſt.
Some o'er the crowd their threatening aſpects rear,
And bold defiance ſtrikes the wondering ear;
Some to politic meaſures gently doſe,
Lulled by the general cadence to repoſe,
Or ſcared by dreams prophetic of their fall
With raven croakings fill the ecchoing hall.
The miniſterial phalanx ſome arraign
And loudly of encreaſing debts complain,
Whilſt others in ironic ſtrain retort
And mutual failings turn to mutual ſport;

Till hurried ſteps and intermingled cries
Rebounding doors and turgid rhapſodies
The laſt remains of peace at length uproar,
That even the dreaded mace can ſcarce reſtore.
But through all ranks a deathlike calm ſucceeds
When fraught with public cares and glorious deeds
The Miniſter his youthful form uprears,
And mildly thus beſpeaks his high compeers:
Whilſt with miſtaken zeal the Patriot rails
And feeds the fickle crowd with idle tales,
Mine be the taſk thoſe meaſures to defend
That ſolely to the public welfare tend.
What though corruption reign with boundleſs ſway,
And public delegates their truſt betray?
Though laws be dwindled from their ancient form
And countleſs myriads clamorous for reform?

Though

Though proſtitution openly careſt
And the great maſs of ſubjects ſore oppreſt,
Though all be granted, ſtill new forms ariſe,
With tenfold luſtre charm our wondering eyes;
Commerce and opulence at once increaſe
And glorious wars enſure perpetual peace.
Nor even corruption ſhould we raſhly blame
That ſtill of government promotes the aim,
Since among thoſe who feel its magic force
And draw from Miniſters each proud reſource,
Who by no ſenſe of honor are reſtrained,
Our ends at leaſt are in a trice obtained;
Since the vaſt opulence from whence it flows
From miniſterial wiſdom firſt aroſe;
Which ſurely may employ the means it gave,
To ſpur the reſtive and reward the brave.

Whilſt

Whilſt over earth and main our banners fly
And ample revenues each want ſupply,
Reforms muſt be moſt ſtudiouſly ſuppreſt:
If commerce proſpers who can be diſtreſt?
Which through all ranks the means of life expands
And crowns the feſtive board with laviſh hands.
The Miniſter ſhould be the Monarch's friend.
A chain 'twixt Prince and People to extend
And firmly rivet is the Stateſman's boaſt:
Break but a ſingle link and all is loſt:
Long may this golden chain our wiſhes bind;
In one harmonious league forever joined.
Whoe'er the ſtate of nations would define
Muſt to their revenues his thoughts confine,
Since theſe alone have ſovereign power to bleſs,
The true criterions of happineſs;

And clearly prove that induſtry muſt thrive
From whence our grand reſources we derive.
I too by wild reforms have been beguiled,
In years a man, in wiſdom but a child.
But ſince by ſage experience better taught
Have learnt to reprobate the audacious thought;
Since this profound arcanum ſtands confeſt,
Muſt needs avow we are ſupremely bleſt.
Not that on earth an object can be found
For which my character I would compound,
Nor can the bribes of power or vain applauſe
Induce me to deſert the better cauſe;
But what contributes to the public weal
Have ever thought my duty to reveal;
And through all ranks and ages would extend
Thoſe truths that to our future welfare tend.

But

But one thing I muſt own excites my fears,
That ſince ſo vaſt a ſuperflux appears,
Which hoarded muſt oppreſs the healthful ſtate
And with plethoric humours ſoon inflate,
From whence the moſt alarming ills proceed,
A ſudden meaſure, an impreſſive deed,
Of foreign levies the tremendous jar,
The electric ſhock of continental war,
Muſt now with cautious foreſight be purſued,
Or Belgia's plains with Britiſh blood imbrued.
Thus will this well-timed remedy reſtrain
The fluid maſs, and all be calm again.
Thus ſhall we humble an inſulting foe,
And ward off from ourſelves each menaced blow;
The equilibrium of the ſtate reſtore,
And leave our burdens on a foreign ſhore.

So

So ſhould we purge this baneful droſs away
And all the pomp of wealth and power diſplay;
In mutual league furrounding ſtates engage
And univerſal war reſiſtleſs wage;
Nay even to foes our ſubſidies extend,
And where we leaſt can profit, moſt befriend.
But factious ſpirits ever will be found
Who laugh at all that can to good redound;
And even may perchance inſinuate here
That we from ſuch allies have moſt to fear,
Who ſeemingly to others' good intent,
On their own private views are ſolely bent,
If thus we waſte upon this deſpot race,
Who even the name of royalty diſgrace,
Thoſe dear-bought treaſures that the poor ſupply,
And to the ſtate our plighted faith belie.

But where ſuch powerful arguments ariſe
The ſneers of ſophiſtry we may deſpiſe.
Superior ſtates, ſuperior rules ſhould guide,
Nor in plebeian maxims ſhould confide;
Still of confederate powers the cauſe maintain,
Still hurl their thunders over earth and main;
Since conquered provinces ſucceſs enſure
And annual ſurpluſſes the means ſecure.
Alliances have ever been our pride:
By theſe the fate of nations we decide;
By theſe the graſp of empire we extend;
On theſe the myſteries of ſtate depend:
Theſe from piratic corſairs guard our coaſt;
Sublime equivalent for millions loſt.
In all aſſaults the refuge of the ſtate,
Source of renown and feats ſupremely great.

With

With conſtant armaments new wealth ſupply,
Give us ere yet we fall new wings to fly;
Waft ſuch tremendous fleets from ſhore to ſhore
That ſcarce the bleak wind dares too roughly roar.
Such bold allies we may be proud to own,
As Poland's rebel hoſt have overthrown;
'Mid factious chieftains ſcattered deep diſmay,
And reſcued nations from deſpotic ſway.
But grant they have incurred a people's curſe,
A race of Democrats are ſurely worſe;
Atheiſts, Aſſaſſins, Traitors, Regicides,
Whoſe every act, all right, all ſenſe derides.
Shall we on terms with ſuch banditti live,
Or even the pledges of their faith receive?
Shall we thus ſtoop from our meridian fame,
And taint the glory of the Britiſh name?

No,

No, rather let the flames of war increaſe,
Let us ſhut up each avenue to peace;
Though from the labouring poor each doit we ſtrain,
Though not the leaſt reſource untaxed remain,
Though the laſt column of the ſtate ſhould fall,
And general bankruptcy involve us all;
Till at our feet theſe murderous ruffians bend,
And ſolely on our clemency depend.
Though views like theſe inferior minds bemoan,
Though ſome beneath the weight of taxes grown,
Yet will the grand majority approve,
And ſtill more firm beneath their preſſure move.
But whilſt one ſpark of genuine worth remains,
Or great atchievements fire the Briton's veins,
The pride of conqueſt, Victory's ſpreading plume,
The laureate honours that around us bloom,

Muſt

Muſt ſuch vile traſh in our eſteem outweigh
And all we loſe a hundred-fold repay.
Still on politic themes the vulgar dwell,
And woes that never yet have dawned foretell;
Even miniſterial ſchemes attempt to ſcan,
But he who fathoms muſt be more than man.
Even as the general features of the world,
That ſome have vainly thought at random hurled,
In beauteous order to the elect appear,
So theſe promiſcuous ſcenes of hope and fear
That form of Miniſters the varied ſcheme,
Which unconnected in their parts may ſeem,
Contemplated with confidential eyes,
Clear as the day's firſt dawn through Chaos riſe,
And every preſage of approaching fate
Still adds new vigour to the exhauſted ſtate.

But

But when by the licentious crowd pourtrayed,
In folly's garb even Premiers are arrayed,
Caught in their own invented ſnares they ſtand,
Sunk the high creſt, and dropt the magic wand:
Their dreams of greatneſs in a trice decay,
And all their air-built caſtles melt away.

END OF THE FORTIETH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-FIRST CANTO.

WHILST in ſuch ſtrains, how far exceeding theſe!
With ſovereign power to rouſe, to melt, to pleaſe,
Whilſt liſtening crowds on each expreſſion hung,
And Britain's fate came mended from his tongue,

Whole

Whole hours this Atlas of the empire blazed,
Cyllenius at ſuch dotage ſtood amazed;
And waving o'er his head the opiate wand,
Subjects each faculty to his command.
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious meanneſs quells,
And fiction's monſtrous brood awhile diſpels.
Illumined now by truth's unerring ray,
Through the diſbanded crowd he takes his way:
Alarmed, and conſcious of the wonderous ſpell,
From his chaſte lips theſe broken accents fell:
O wretched Miniſtry! devoted land!
Immortal Jove! Stretch forth thy helping hand;
Confound the baneful projects of the great,
Since miracles alone can ſave the ſtate.
Diſtracted people! ever duped by thoſe
On whom your moſt important truſts repoſe;

With

With forts and fleets begirt! the ocean's pride!
Whoſe ſtrength erewhile one half the earth defied!
Still frantic leagues in endleſs wars engage,
The foremoſt ſtill amidſt the battle's rage.
Though far removed, the danger ſtill is nigh;
O'erwhelmed with debts ſtill uſeleſs millions fly:
Leagues more deſtructive than the thunderous roar
That ſpread from Tayo to the Illyrian ſhore;
Or the wild hurricane's tremendous ſweep
That ſwells of diſtant climes the placid deep:
That were we placed on earth's remoteſt verge,
Where ſavage tribes their fierce contentions urge,
Where neither forts protect, nor navies ſail,
More dire alarms might not our peace aſſail.
To the laſt ſtage of impotence reduced!
By paltry pride or private pique ſeduced!

From

From the dread weight relieved that late oppreſt,
When ſecret fears alarmed each patriot breaſt!
Relaxed with efforts paſt each nerve we ſtrain!
When ſhall we ſee our wholeſome days again?
Muſt Sovereigns never open then their eyes,
Or truſt their intereſts to the good and wiſe?
Muſt they with ſome vile intrigue ſtill elate,
Change the moſt heartfelt zeal to mortal hate?
By an intemperate thirſt for lawleſs ſway,
Stake thrones on the event of an affray?
Muſt paſſion's Hell-born brood their courſe aread,
That turn at length and on their entrails feed?
Do they then league but to conſpire their fall,
And in one general wreck involve us all?
The firſt of Monarchs! to his people dear!
From foreign factions what have we to fear?

If our own ſubjects in rebellion riſe,
The executive power may ſure ſuffice:
If in their rights or properties oppreſt,
Their grievances ſhould be with ſpeed redreſt.
With democrats officious war to wage
Will ſcarcely our domeſtic broils aſſwage,
Or fleets that o'er the wide Atlantic roam
Secure the peace that we have loſt at home.
For whom then do we fight? For our allies!
Far from their coaſt the hoſtile ſquadron flies.
Are we then pledged beyond the needful aid?
Muſt we exterminate who dares invade?
Or roam like Errant-Knights the earth around,
Till vice in adamantine chains be bound?
Ah! wretch, extend thy view; ſee who are free!
To whom we cringe, to whom we bend the knee.

But are theſe characters by blood defaced?
By frantic rage and maſſacres diſgraced?
To ſuch extremes of guilt their meaſures tend
Who beyond right dominion would extend;
And ſure to thoſe peculiarly belong
Whoſe baſe oppreſſion fires the indignant throng;
Who with their minions each bleſſing ſhare,
And leave the wretch no refuge but deſpair.
Each drop of blood in uſeleſs battles ſhed
Cries vengeance on the impious Monarch's head.
But what new doubts aſſail my tortured ſoul,
And paſſion in her wild career control?
Methinks theſe flights the public ſtrength unnerve,
That for our own defence we ſhould reſerve;
Or if ſuch friends we to ourſelves prefer,
That may from like attempts their foes deter.

An obvious inſult to all human laws
Promotes our vigour in the public cauſe.
Stands Britain in her own behoof? 'Tis well;
Innumerable hoſts ſhe may repel.
The hand of juſtice wards their menaced blows,
And ſhields us from the malice of our foes.
But can that juſtice be diſtinguiſhed here?
And have we not each hour ſtill more to fear?
Have we not left the ground we had aſſumed,
And on our own ſuperior ſtrength preſumed?
Have we not now the ſacred boundary paſt,
And played the part of democrats at laſt?
Heavens! what a moderation moſt divine!
What well-earned laurels, Britain, had been thine!
Hadſt thou, when firſt the tide of war was turned,
Triumphant from the glorious charge returned;

Rich with the ſpoils of an inſulting foe;
What high ſenſations through each breaſt muſt glow!
Ages unborn had ſung the immortal feat,
Beyond all victory prized the proud retreat.
'Tis plain, even from the reaſon that is given,
To what ſad ſhifts our advocates are driven;
The moſt imbecil weakneſs of the mind
A more prepoſterous plea could ſcarcely find.
" With whom are we to treat?" With whom to fight?
With thoſe who panic terrors can excite;
Whoſe power has dared confederate ſtates to arms,
And filled the aſtoniſhed world with dire alarms.
If from their force their conſequence appear,
From whom on earth have we ſo much to fear?
Do we prefer to each fictitious theme
That forms the ſtateſman's ſpeculative dream,

The real intereſts of the public weal?
Let us to this criterion then appeal.
Though guilt may rule, and innocence may bleed,
Though the moſt rank enthuſiaſts take the lead,
Should we reject all terms that they propoſe?
Whom we have every cauſe to dread as foes,
'Twere ſurely madneſs to renounce as friends:
Such enmity to their advantage tends.
But for our dignity forſooth we fear!
Is there than public virtue aught more dear?
Is this in aught but benefits diſplayed?
Or can an honourable peace degrade?
Shall we to orators for ſenſe reſort?
Or bend before the dictum of a court?
To ſerve his country is the patriot's aim.
Our dignity and intereſt are the ſame.

When

When from our councils truth and reaſon fly,
Some ſhrewd expedient muſt their place ſupply:
High ſounding terms delight our raviſhed ears,
Now buoyed with hopes, now chilled with panic fears;
Now like the fabled frog with pride o'erblown,
Now to the very duſt we dwindle down;
To paraſites extend our foſtering care,
Of murmuring millions ſcorn the humble prayer;
Talk of our honour in bombaſtic ſtrain,
Then crouch to thoſe we ſpurned, and crouch in vain:
When from this mental Lethe ſhall we riſe?
When will experience teach us to be wiſe?

END OF THE FORTY-FIRST CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-SECOND CANTO.

THE man who ſuch vile cant would lacker o'er
And ſtifle truth with jeſuitic lore;
To phantoms ſacrifice our real good,
And ſpend in foreign broils our wealth and blood;
Oppoſe the airy notions of the great
To the ſubſtantial welfare of the ſtate;

Would

Would every moral dictate lay aſide,
And take new rules and maxims for his guide;
Would with inſidious art his Prince ſurpriſe,
And intercept his faithful ſubjects' cries;
Teach him our fame and power to increaſe
By other means than induſtry and peace;
By other rules our treaſures to diſpenſe
Than of ſound policy and ſober ſenſe;
To ſeparate our intereſts from his own,
And with the nation's ſpoils adorn the throne;
Howe'er with rank or influence elate,
Is but a very traitor to the ſtate.
How we ſhall now retreat Heaven only knows!
Pledged on all ſides to exterminate our foes:
Though to recede even now were better far
Than to perpetuate a diſaſtrous war:

Even

Even real dignity were leſs impaired
By peace reſtored than guilty conqueſts ſhared.
But if ſucceſs ſhould ſtill our hopes deride,
And victory ſtill ſhift from ſide to ſide,
Should Gallia's frantic ſons their ground maintain
And all theſe boaſtful coronades prove vain,
We to our coſt may learn with whom to treat;
Terms will be then the ſignal of defeat;
We then may find the ſcale of honour turned,
And ſpurning others, ſhall ourſelves be ſpurned;
Then may we ſeek, as on the Atlantic ſhore,
The ſame conditions we deſpiſed before;
The ſame humiliating ſcene renewed,
Our miniſterial farce at length conclude.
The longer we defer the work of peace,
The more the perils of the ſtate increaſe.

Can

Can triumphs o'er imaginary foes
Retrieve of war the inevitable woes?
Some doubtful good faſtidious minds conceive
And the weak crowd implicitly believe,
Prognoſticated ill, prophetic dreams,
Ideal honour, viſionary ſchemes,
Phantoms that but to heated brains appear
Of things beyond the limits of our ſphere,
That at ſuch deſperate hazards we purſue,
The ancient ſpirit of our laws renew?
Shall we, in ſpite of all our errors paſt,
Spin out deſtructive projects to the laſt?
Projects our own experience has belied?
Still float on vain opinion's fickle tide?
Are ſuch conceits the wiſdom of the age?
When will realities our cares engage?

Shall empires tremble at a Premier's nod?
Shall a poor erring man aſſume the god?
In ſpite of reaſon, and in nature's ſpite,
To diſtant times extend his inſect ſight?
With leagues and treaties ever at command,
Exhauſt the treaſures of a proſperous land?
Renounce the preſent good which we poſſeſs
For air-ſpun hopes of future happineſs?
Who ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
Of attic wit unfolds the brilliant page,
In loud harangue confounds the night and day
His academic honours to diſplay,
Who in the lap of peace, the happieſt hour,
Sees hoſtile ſquadrons o'er the champaign ſcour,
And hears their cannon thunder at the gate,
Then toils and troubles at the helm of ſtate;

With

With ſuch rude ſhocks the tortured engine turns,
That to its very baſe the axis burns;
Our ſtrength with Atlantean effort drains,
Scarce its own weight the ſtaggered ſtate ſuſtains,
Throws at one deſperate ſtake ſuch ſums away
An age of induſtry can ſcarce repay;
Yet after all, this proud diſplay of parts
Is a mere chain of deſpicable arts,
That the moſt home-bred dunce or pedant drone
Or even the unlettered hind might bluſh to own;
Theſe vaſt deſigns for which our treaſure flies,
Sophiſticated imbecilities.
So many tints politic objects ſhade,
So many doubts futurity pervade,
So many miſts obſcure the coming day,
So oft the lowering tempeſt melts away,

That

That though with tenfold caution we decide
Yet ſtill events our hopes and fears deride.
Who then ſuch deſperate meaſures can defend
But where they to our obvious intereſt tend?
But where ſome uſeful end may be obtained
Or ſome proportionate advantage gained?
Not merely to ſupport an idle ſhow,
Or deck with laureate wreaths a Prince's brow.
'Twere greatly wiſe to ponder o'er the paſt,
And with the preſent age compare the laſt.
Theſe retroſpective views might have availed
Where the high councils of the ſtate have failed.
But ſtill we hurry like a whirlwind on,
Nor e'er look back until the miſchief's done;
Charmed with the fancied bleſſing we would gain,
Forget the real loſs that we ſuſtain.

Fly

Fly to the deſart, ſound each vain reſource,
Let ravens, choughs, or rooks direct our courſe;
Or in the myſteries of Egyptian lore
The ſaving rules of policy explore;
Let us to Oracles once more repair,
Let all our confidence be centered there;
Let us commit experience to the wind,
And in the victim's panting entrails find
Each dark event that future times conceal;
Let even chance direct the public weal
And turn the helm of ſtate which way ſhe pleaſe,
'Twere better far than maxims ſuch as theſe:
That ever from the guſt of paſſion flow,
And ſtill involve the certainty of woe.
If theſe fierce foes ſuch terrors can excite,
Why urge them on in deſultory fight?

If

If even while neutral we had cauſe to fear,
How much more obvious muſt that cauſe appear
When with the moſt deſpotic powers allied,
That even the common rights of man deride,
We ſeek by prayers and menaces to gain
The cautious few that neutral would remain?
Well may we ſwear to extirpate a race
That of our councils are the foul diſgrace;
Who will, if they ſurvive, their rancorous rage
By every art of force and fraud aſſwage;
And thoſe contagious maxims we deplore
Induſtriouſly diſperſe from ſhore to ſhore;
Collect ſeditious murmurs as they fly,
And from afar the gathering ſtorm deſcry;
And ſtill co-operate with the views of thoſe
Who all eſtabliſhed ſyſtems would oppoſe;

All moral and religious duties ſpurn,
And every form of government o'erturn.
Such warfare then will be their beſt reſource,
And our exhauſted ſtate augment their force.
Nay, even the very maxims we deteſt
Will on the fickle crowd be more impreſt;
The riſing murmurs of the ſtate increaſe,
And ceaſeleſs feuds diſturb the public peace.
But if their own inſurgents ſhould ſucceed,
And all theſe equalizing monſters bleed,
Should other heads and other hands obtain
That ſignal vengeance we have ſought in vain,
Still as our own the victory we ſhall claim,
And like the fly upon the wheel exclaim,
" See what high feats our proweſs has atchieved!"
Thus of that common ſenſe we are bereaved

Which

Which even our own misfortunes might ſupply;
Thus conſtant miſts have dimmed the public eye.
Thus uncorrected by our faults we ſtand,
And foreign factions ſtill embroil the land;
Our peace and liberty at once invade.
Thus Sovereigns are with Britiſh treaſure paid.
Thus in the confidence of power elate
We eternize the murmurs of the ſtate.
But that which ſenſe diſclaims high words can gloze,
And viſions to realities oppoſe;
Until confirmed in all that we purſue,
Not by what is, but what is held to view,
Of meaſures that have been the nation's curſe,
We form new precedents to ſanction worſe.

END OF THE FORTY-SECOND CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-THIRD CANTO.

HEAVENS! what a ſcene of bribery is here!
What dire extremes of fate have we to fear
If ever rouzed from this deluſive dream,
One ray of genuine liberty ſhould beam!

If

If with the ſpirit of our laws inſpired
Or with the ſenſe of their abuſes fired,
This ſplendid counterfeit we ſhould deſpiſe,
And in contempt of every hazard riſe,
Our unadulterated rights demand,
And hurl defiance o'er the affrighted land!
How far more wiſe, ere yet it be too late,
From ſuch diſaſters to protect the ſtate:
Would but the Sovereign his hand extend,
And of his people be indeed the friend.
Throw theſe inſidious arts at once aſide
And take the conſtitution for his guide,
That all its boaſted benefits may ſhare;
Ere to their tents the patriot band repair.
And give up all pretence to lawleſs ſway
And foreign leagues, the follies of the day;

And

And to our repreſentatives reſtore
That independence they enjoyed of yore;
Nor with the wealth we laviſhly beſtow,
Corrupt the ſource from whence our bleſſings flow;
Spare the beſt blood that circles through the land;
That on ſome ſolid baſis we may ſtand:
That practice may with theory agree,
And Britons truly boaſt that they are free.
Yet to our intereſts obſtinately blind!
Yet, oh! imbecil weakneſs of the mind!
Of all the ſchemes his favourites have diſplayed,
None e'er this ſalutary ſcheme eſſayed;
But ſtill to counteract the great deſign
Seems the ſole point in which they all combine.
Such is their fixed averſion for reform,
Their fixed reſolve to brave the coming ſtorm;

And ſuch, alas! the treachery of thoſe,
Upon whoſe plighted faith our hopes repoſe,
That when advanced to power not one of all
This high profeſſing tribe we Patriots call
Has the reform of Parliament propoſed,
Or the vile juggle of their trade expoſed;
Though by ſuch maxims publickly maintained
Their miniſterial honours were attained.
Myſelf the foremoſt of this miſcreant band,
Have thus betrayed the intereſts of the land.
Will this not open then our hoodwinked eyes?
Here the grand ſource of all corruption lies.
On this the ſorceries of ſtate depend.
Cut but this Gordian knot, the charm will end.
Oh, beſt of governments! laws moſt revered!
To Britiſh hearts by every tie endeared!

How

How near are ye allied to happineſs
Whoſe genuine ſpirit can ſupremely bleſs!
But when evaded are the nation's curſe;
Nay even than a triumvirate are worſe:
Since where one power the others can reſtrain,
Some balance may ſubſiſt and juſtice reign,
But which we rarely can expect to find
Where three eſtates are by corruption joined.
A beauteous phantom here enchants our view,
That from our graſp recedes as we purſue;
Here the invaded rights we might enjoy
To each reflecting mind muſt breed annoy;
Muſt all our forced addreſſes ſtill belie,
And bitterly reproach us as they fly.
That many poſt to realms far leſs ſecure
But to avoid the wrongs which they endure;

Since

Since even the memory of what is dear
But makes the deprivation more ſevere:
Since what by an undoubted right we claim,
And what we ever muſt renounce with ſhame,
What was to dignify our being given,
The choiceſt bleſſing of indulgent Heaven,
None but a very ſlave would diſregard
Or vilely truck for title or reward:
But would devote his talents, time, or health,
The pomp of ſtation or the glare of wealth,
Inured to want, o'er foreign climates roam,
And ſpurn the comforts he had left at home,
Even at the certainty of pain defend,
Should it to dungeons, chains, and death extend.
The more completely deſtitute his ſtate,
The more the ſacrifice is truly great.

But

But even though driven to the worſt extremes,
Still through the breaſt ſome ſecret comfort gleams;
A conſciouſneſs of worth ſuſtains the heart,
Which more than human feelings can impart.
Nor the moſt thriftleſs dupe of wealth or power,
Who ever quaffed the bowl in roſeate bower,
Or 'mid his gorgeous manſion's proud diſplay,
Loitered on bed of down his hours away,
Or while ſucceſſive ſweets the feaſt prolong,
With joyous plaudit graced a eunuch's ſong,
Or ſtaked an income on the ſport he loved,
More conſcious pride and inward triumph proved,
Or felt more pleaſure through his frame expand,
Than he who bleeds beneath the tyrant's hand;
Who would to his primeval rights recur,
His freedom to his intereſt prefer;

Who

Who all the frowns of fortune can defy,
And like a Roman dares to live and die.
A firm attachment to the public cauſe,
An unſuborned devotion to the laws,
Is of all ſentiments the moſt ſublime
That grace the annals of recording time;
Of all that human nature can diſplay,
Or fame's loud clarion uſher into day.
Yet oft we hear, in ſpite of ſenſe or ſhame,
" 'Twill laſt my life," the hoary Sire exclaim;
Would then that liberty we proudly boaſt
Have e'er been found but at our proper coſt?
Was it not, thanks to the immortal few
Who ſtretched beyond themſelves their patriot view!
From ſtage to ſtage by ſlow improvements borne,
Or at their riſque from bloody tyrants torn?

Has

Has not the Hero bowed the proſtrate head,
And youth and beauty unrepining bled?
Shall the grey dotard then, oppreſt with age,
Whoſe fears the extinction of our rights preſage,
Shall he not rouze at freedom's ſacred call,
And if he cannot fight be proud to fall?
Shall he not rather thank indulgent Heaven,
That with ſuch ſplendour cloſed his lingering even;
Who this auſpicious period kindly choſe
To end of life the inevitable woes;
Selected from the ſecret ſtores of fate
The high beheſt to periſh for the ſtate;
And made the pledge of his immortal joy
What time's uplifted hand muſt ſoon deſtroy.
Shall he perceive his children from afar,
Plunged in the thickeſt tumults of the war,

And

And not devoutly wiſh their lot to ſhare?
And for the block as for his bed prepare,
If he could but their happineſs enſure,
Or render their politic rights ſecure?
Or while his children's children flock around,
Or even their liſping babes his chair ſurround,
Or ſome perchance his aged knees embrace,
Shall he reſolve upon their helpleſs race,
To entail thoſe years of miſery and pain
That even his callous nerves could ſcarce ſuſtain?
To catch a tranſitory glimpſe of joy
That may through future times all right deſtroy?
That what the generation paſt atchieved
May be by that which is to come retrieved.
Shall he behind this infant phalanx bend,
His miſcreant age from peril to defend?

Or

Or boldly to the trampled laws appeal,
Pleaſed with the remnant of his days to ſeal?
That the contempt of life which he diſplayed
Might to his race in bleſſings be repaid.

END OF THE FORTY-THIRD CANTO.

THE TRAVELS OF CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-FOURTH CANTO.

THE cold indifference that ſo oft appears,
The daſtard maxims, the contemptuous ſneers
At what our anceſtors ſo dearly bought,
Through ſuch a ſea of troubles bravely fought,

To

To ſummer heats and winter ſtorms expoſed,
And their bare breaſts to veteran troops oppoſed,
Who nought in front could ever hope to find
But death, or a more lingering death behind,
Are the reproach of this propitious reign;
And of all liberty muſt be the bane.
Such maxims are an inſult to our laws,
And wreſt from ages paſt their juſt applauſe;
From characters that Britons ſtill adore,
And ever muſt with ſecret pride explore;
Outrage the tendereſt feelings of the heart;
And to the minions of ſtate impart
Such powerful means to work this deed of ſhame
As muſt at laſt our ſtubborn ſpirit tame.
Since that which taints the morals of the age
Is the ſure prelude of deſpotic rage.

Freedom

Freedom is our hereditary right,
And ſtill ſhould be upheld in fortune's ſpite:
Still to our children ſhould be handed down
As pure and ſacred as the Monarch's crown:
Which ſhould we even conſent to caſt away,
Or venal courts or parliaments betray,
Will ſtill immortal as their ſhame ſurvive
And through all future generations live.
Then let us our united efforts ſtrain
This moſt undoubted birthright to maintain;
Even as our lives or properties defend;
And all that may to its deſtruction tend
With univerſal energy oppoſe;
And check in time the ſource of future woes.
Our leaſt neglect were treaſon to the ſtate;
And of poſterity muſt ſeal the fate.

Ages

Ages unborn now fix on us their eyes,
Deteſt our names, or raiſe them to the ſkies;
To us with one accord their hands extend,
To us with ſupplicative accents bend,
That we their juſt inheritance preſerve;
Nor from the ſpirit of their charters ſwerve;
From open force and ſecret fraud defend,
The wild reformer and the treacherous friend;
The rage of democrats, the pride of kings;
Save from corruption's overſhadowing wings;
Nor ſuffer even an atom to decay,
But drag this Hydra of the ſtate to day;
That unimpaired may be to them reſigned
That truſt which ages paſt to us conſigned.
The liſtening gods applaud their earneſt prayer,
And will with endleſs joys reward our care.

But

But ſhould we ſtill collectively engage
To guard our freedom from deſpotic rage?
Or ſhould each individual of the ſtate
In our politic rights involve his fate?
Should he ſtand forth the champion of the laws,
Aſſert his intereſt in the public cauſe,
And by all warrantable means oppoſe
The treacherous inroads of tyrannic foes?
'Twas by ſuch means that firſt our rights were gained,
By ſuch alone they can be ſtill maintained.
'Tis of each citizen the pride and boaſt
With generous ardour to maintain the poſt
That God and nature to his charge aſſigned,
And guard the ſacred rights of human kind.
How far it be a virtue to reſiſt,
Or whether ſtill a greater to deſiſt,

The

The public ſafety can alone decide,
Which of our choice ſhould ever be the guide.
But if from the reform that we purſue
No public miſchief ever can accrue,
'Twere ſure an act of treachery to recede,
Whatever pains or penalties ſucceed.
Though the moſt abject ſloth o'erwhelm the land,
Though amidſt myriads ſingly we ſhould ſtand,
Or had we even the worſt extremes to fear,
So much more glorious would our zeal appear.
This proud diſtinction tamely to reſign,
Or at the needful ſuccours to repine,
For place or penſion baſely to betray,
Or ſuffer by neglect to waſte away,
Were worſe than raſhly to provoke our death,
And at the faulchion's point reſign our breath;

Or

Or 'gainſt ourſelves to raiſe our murtherous hands
And brave of providence the high commands;
Where even as far more infamouſly baſe,
As every ſocial bleſſing that can grace
Or render permanent the ſtate of man,
The ſtricteſt union, and the nobleſt plan,
Were better than that rude defenceleſs ſtate
That fears at every wind the approach of fate,
As far as health and happineſs exceed
Of bare exiſtence the precarious meed.
But were the public mind ſo ſtrangely turned
That every patriot effort ſhould be ſpurned;
If all who would remonſtrate are oppreſt,
Who would perpetuate abuſe careſt;
If they who on the culprit's fate decide
Still with the paltry views and intrigues ſide

Of

Of thoſe who brave the ſpirit of our laws,
Or load with chains who well deſerves applauſe;
Or of ſedition ſo pervert the name
As to interpret that an act of ſhame,
Which might perchance if rightly underſtood
Be deemed an effort for the public good;
If they who of all others ſhould defend
Such as beyond themſelves their views extend,
Who on each public act, each patriot deed,
Should of all praiſe beſtow the higheſt meed,
Duped by the ſenſeleſs jargon of the age
Should ſtill miſtake them for rebellious rage,
What amidſt virtues holds the higheſt place
With what might even the fiends of hell debaſe,
And trace all merit to the mere ſupport
Of the pernicious projects of a court:

If he who is of life the ſovereign lord,
And bears of juſtice the avenging ſword,
If even the Judge with pomp and power elate
Yield to the ſecret intrigues of the great;
With meretricious art delude our ears
When uncorrupted zeal excites his fears,
Or of ambition ſmooth the rugged way,
His miniſterial patron to repay;
Or if he does not actually avow
Still ſtrives by inference at leaſt to ſhow,
That each endeavour to reform the ſtate
And of our freedom to prolong the date
Muſt needs incur the vengeance of the law;
Or by ſome ſubterfuge, ſome ſecret flaw,
Some colourable plea, ſome fair pretext
By which the paths of juſtice are perplext,

Mould

Mould to the faint reſemblance of a crime
An act of virtue even the moſt ſublime;
Or in his charges ſtudy to confound
With what to real freedom muſt redound,
Thoſe ebullitions of intemperate rage,
At once the peſt and ſcandal of the age;
Or not content oppreſſion to befriend
And to the proſecutor ſtill to lend
That aid the priſoner can alone demand,
Infringe the very charters of the land,
That even the worſt of criminals enjoy,
Each loitering ſpark of virtue to deſtroy;
Or owl-like on the ſlothful cuſhion perched,
With legal quirks and precedents reſearched,
Still cuff our riſing murmurs rudely down
In prompt obedience to the Premier's frown;

Or

Or of morality profane the name,
Not that which will enſure ſubſtantial fame,
That proffered bribes will teach us to diſdain,
The intrigues of court with temper to reſtrain,
Or chear with ſmiles of joy our dying hour,
But draw upon himſelf the ſmiles of power;
Of tame ſubmiſſion to preſcribe the rules,
And make kings gods, and ſubjects errant fools;
As if ſo thin a veil could blind our eyes,
Or ſenſe be duped by ſuch a poor diſguiſe;
Still meaſuring the degree of moral ſhame
By the high honours that attract his aim,
To which we ever find the readieſt way
Is to ſupport the follies of the day:
If ſuch audacious rant, ſuch baſe ſurmiſe
Proceed from men reputed juſt and wiſe,

Or in quotidian columns ſcattered wide
The fickle notions of the crowd decide.
If our moſt valued rights were but a ſnare,
That even of moderate men illudes the care;
If laws become an adjunct to the cauſe
Of that corruption which perverts the laws,
And by their mutual operation tend
Of deſpotiſm to promote the end:

END OF THE FORTY-FOURTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-FIFTH CANTO.

IF that intrepid, uncorrupted band,
Whoſe noble efforts half reclaimed the land,
Who in the capital were once combined,
In one impenetrable phalanx joined
The progreſs of corruption to repel,
And all thoſe gathering tempeſts to diſpel

Which

Which o'er our provinces began to lower
And check the giant ſtrides of lawleſs power,
Who dared, by no wild notions led aſtray,
Aſſert their freedom in the face of day,
And like the vital ſtreams around the heart
Diffuſed a generous warmth through every part,
Have paſſed at length the irremiable ſhore;
Or the ſurviving few who ſtill deplore
Thoſe bright examples they no more purſue
To the mere cares of life contract their view;
Though the politic tares that then were ſown
And to ſuch rank luxuriance ſince have grown
In full maturity at length they reap;
Inactive on their tarniſhed laurels ſleep;
Or by the ills of poverty ſubdued;
Or with more profitable zeal endued;

Or

Or by the golden ſnares that croſs their way
Or miniſterial arts be led aſtray;
And all thoſe vile abuſes ſeek to gloze
'Twas once their pride and glory to expoſe:
If that diſintereſted zeal be ſped
And every ſpark of public virtue fled,
That hopeful flower that erſt ſo fairly bloomed
Be in corruption's yawning gulf entombed,
That generous ardour for their country's good
Which in the hour of peril foremoſt ſtood,
That patriot flame which many a right ſecured,
Which many a memorable year endured
And o'er the realm its cheering influence caſt,
Be like the quivering taper ſunk at laſt:
If to their moſt eſſential duties blind
And the grand intereſts to their truſt conſigned,

If

If far from urging their undoubted right
And tempering joy with reaſon's heavenly light,
Their ardent zeal, with undiſſembled pain,
The love of ſubjects, with the ſenſe of men,
Aſſociated millions combine
In a mere hymn of praiſe their notes to join;
Bid the high vaults with feſtive pæans ring
Tuned to the virtues of our glorious King:
If in the very criſis of the ſtate
When every heart preſaged approaching fate,
When they the trampled laws ſhould have explored
And to their ancient purity reſtored,
Their Sovereign with due reſpect addreſt,
This ſound advice affectionately preſt,
Should loyally have rallied round the throne,
Secured at once his intereſts and their own,

Moſt

Moſt ſtrange to tell! with univerſal roar
Inebriate anthems ſwell from ſhore to ſhore,
In panegyric ſtrain addreſſes ſwarm
Fraught with that zeal which deprecates reform;
Of our invaded rights no ſoul has heard,
But that which can reſtore alone is feared:
As when by acts of violence enraged
All hearts with that grand object were engaged,
When the whole realm ſolicitouſly hung
On every word that graced the Monarch's tongue,
The horned cattle's peſtilential bane
The patriot Prince bemoaned in tragic ſtrain!
So now thoſe dreaded evils are at hand
With which delayed reforms o'erwhelm a land,
Now by the preſſure of the times combined
Myriads of free-born ſouls in ſynod joined

The tottering frame of empire would enſure,
Now that a word might all their rights ſecure,
Forget their long-lamented liſt of wrongs
And prove their zeal by feaſts and toaſts and ſongs:
If far from pauſing o'er the public weal
They ſcorn to ſenſe or reaſon to appeal,
By fair diſcuſſion to direct their aim
Or candidly our real ſtate proclaim,
If with fanatic fury they proceed
And bigot zeal diſſeminate their creed,
Inquiſitorial cenſures ſcatter round
That ere they dawn our inmoſt thoughts expound,
The deep aſylum of the breaſt explore,
And hurl anathemas the kingdom o'er;
Of perſecution mark the deſtined prey
And of the mob direct the dubious way;

To new criterions of zeal reſort
Founded on indiſcriminate ſupport;
If even of virtuous men the very beſt,
Who 'gainſt ſuch ſenſeleſs maxims would proteſt
And in diſpaſſioned tone their reaſons urge,
Be ſingled out the firſt to bear the ſcourge;
That ſcarce unpuniſhed even our murmurs fly;
'Tis an approach to treaſon but to ſigh;
The freedom of diſcourſe or of the preſs
Or the moſt patriot wiſh we can expreſs
Is of impriſonment the dire preſage,
And the ſure ſymptom of rebellious rage:
If the ſole remedy our ills demand
Be thus at once prohibited the land;
If even the name be hateful to their ears;
If what ſhould tranquilize excite their fears;

If none can hope for favour in their ſight
But ſuch as in this courtly garb are dight,
Who guided by the faſhion of the hour
Will ſtoop to kiſs the uplifted rod of power,
With tools and minions emulous to move,
And found on acts of treachery their love:
If every juſt diſtinction ſwept away
They their own rights unwarily betray,
Become ſubſervient to the views of thoſe
'Tis their moſt ſacred duty to oppoſe,
And on each other fix that galling yoke
That erſt upon a tyrant's head was broke:
If that verboſe diſguſting loyalty
Which bears no ſemblance to fidelity,
That ever muſt from cool reflection riſe,
That monkiſh cant all honeſt men deſpiſe,

That whining pſalmody, that peaſant drone
With which they conſtantly beſiege the throne,
Mouth-honour, the poor heart would fain deny,
The dictates of their conſcience ſtill belie;
If in a ſtrain diſgraceful to their cauſe
They laviſh indiſcriminate applauſe,
In bondſman-key their ſervile flatteries ſhower,
As laws were but the appendages of power,
Still ſubſtitute the Monarch for the ſtate
And to his ſmiles aſcribe our envied fate,
Trace to the very hand that would deſtroy
The unvalued bleſſings that we ſtill enjoy;
If far from ſtriving to reſtrict the crown
By bribes and penſions ſhameleſsly o'ergrown,
And found the ſhattered columns that ſuſtain
Our vaſt dominion over earth and main

Upon that baſis which alone can ſtand,
The ancient laws and charters of the land;
If conſcious they have ſtill been left behind,
That knaves have cozened us at hoodman blind,
And ſome new tricks of ſtate have ever found
Which to our real prejudice redound,
And where the letter of the law obſerved
Have from its obvious ſenſe and ſpirit ſwerved,
Yet by ~~their~~ its rigorous ſpirit to abide
The letter uniformly ſet aſide,
Either or both alike have done away
As beſt might ſerve the purpoſe of the day,
Precautions that from circumſtances roſe
Would to the very end of time impoſe,
Yet where precautions moſt eſſential fail,
And ~~bribery on all ſides~~ bribes on every side our rights aſſail,

Renounce

Renounce the care which to their place belongs
And with a ſmile of joy inſult our wrongs;
Conſcious that the reſtricted power we boaſt
Has been extended at the ſubject's coſt,
And is even now more unreſtricted far
Than that of either Sultan, Pope, or Czar;
Conſcious our government without reform
Will more degenerate from its ancient form
Than even the very democrats deſire,
Should it in anarchy at once expire;
If far from ſtruggling with corruption's tide
They ſpread its baneful influence ſtill more wide,
At once confirm the miſchief and diffuſe,
And make themſelves the patrons of abuſe;
Nor would alone the regal power maintain
But even the vices that we moſt diſdain:

If thus they quietly and baſely ſit
In pompous reſolution ſhow their wit,
Or rather ſhow their abject want of both;
The dupes at once of ignorance and ſloth;
And on ſucceeding times new debts entail
Till even their very ſource begins to fail;
Without one thought for what may then enſue;
Still unconcerned the ſelf-ſame courſe purſue:

END OF THE FORTY-FIFTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-SIXTH CANTO.

IF this diſtemper of the public weal,
This grand exploſion of perverted zeal,
This bleſt effect of well-diſſembled fear,
This ſudden turn of the politic ſphere

From

From factious jealouſy to ſervile rage,
That marks the wavering ſpirit of the age,
This mewling loyalty, this drivelling whine,
This fair excuſe for ſloth the moſt ſupine,
This tame ſurrender that they bluſh to own
Of our moſt valued charters to the crown,
This full indemnity for every wrong,
This very echo of a venal throng,
This paſquinade on patriotic views,
This ſolemn confirmation of abuſe,
This pompous herald of deſpotic ſway
Who leads the van, and clears the rugged way,
This hopeful dawn with thunderous clouds o'ercaſt,
This long farewell to all our bleſſings paſt,
If this infatuated act aroſe
From the mere childiſh views and fears of thoſe

Who

Who wrapt up in themſelves and ſunk in eaſe,
To ſteer their courſe on fortune's ſwelling breeze
'Mid places, penſions, palaces, and parks,
Would of all freedom quench the lingering ſparks;
Who think but of the comforts they enjoy
Heedleſs of what may ſave us or deſtroy,
Who with ſuch panic terrors were aſſailed
That even their wonted art and cunning failed,
Too eager to attain their ſelfiſh end
To the moſt prudent meaſures to attend,
Or to perceive with all their boaſted care
Though clear as day, the miniſterial ſnare:
If to one frenzy others ſtill ſucceed;
If no fixed principle our courſe aread;
If moderation from the ſtate depart
No leſs than patriot virtue from the heart;

If

If like the Maniac we our ſinews ſtrain
And ſtruggle moſt where we the leaſt can gain,
Who long upon the tide of tranſport toſt
Each trace of reaſon by degrees has loſt,
Till nought but acts of violence can pleaſe
That mark the moſt incurable diſeaſe;
If one day we with factious rage complain
And mourn our country's woes in doleful ſtrain,
The next to baſe compliances reſort
And march beneath the banners of a court;
If one day we deteſt our gracious King
And the whole realm with execrations ring,
The next above the ſtars his glory raiſe
And Hallelujahs reſound his praiſe;
Still the ſame man though thus diverſely viewed
And ſtill the ſelf-ſame meaſures has purſued:

If ſtill on vain conjectures we proceed,
Say and unſay, advance and then recede,
If ſtill ſome ignis fatuus we trace,
Some paſſing wind moſt ſtrenuouſly embrace,
Buoyed with vain hopes, with panic fears aghaſt,
If ſtill the preſent ſhould belie the paſt;
If like a veſſel ſtruggling with the tide
We change our courſe and ſhift from ſide to ſide,
When no apparent cauſe one can deſcry,
Or even a ſoul on earth imagine why,
Unleſs that reaſon be by faſhion croſt,
And in venality all honour loſt;
Or that the inſidious means that ſome employ
The morals of the people to deſtroy,
So far beyond their utmoſt wiſh have ſped
That every trace of character is fled:

If

If even good men by falſe ſurmiſe abuſed
Or miniſterial ſophiſtries ſeduced,
Fearing the general welfare to derange,
Should tremble at the very thought of change;
Or think the means of national increaſe
Muſt with corruption's hateful influence ceaſe;
Should that reform moſt ſtrenuouſly oppoſe
From whence thoſe very bleſſings firſt aroſe
Which can alone through future times ſecure;
Like captives who the light can ſcarce endure
When from their dungeons hurried by ſurpriſe,
Or borne triumphant; to their dazzled eyes,
In deep ſecluſion plunged and darkneſs drear,
The radiant form of liberty appear:
If at that paſs of ignorance we arrive
As to ſuppoſe that freedom can ſurvive

What

What in all ſtates has ever been her bane;
Or what the ampleſt revenue muſt drain
Can to our trade and opulence redound;
And things oppoſed in nature ſtill confound;
If with proſperity corruption join
And loyalty with treachery combine,
Reform with ruin, anarchy with zeal,
And paltry intrigue with the public weal;
If rights deſtroyed, the government imply,
And rights reſtored, a wild democracy,
Public ſecurity, deſpotic ſway,
And public will, the frenzy of the day,
Peace and good order, a prophetic calm,
The needful ſubſidies, an itching palm,
Exalted talents, miniſterial guile,
Important ſervices, the Sovereign's ſmile;

If terms be thus by contraries defined,
That reaſonings but perplex the public mind,
Fallacious notions through all ranks diffuſe
That ſerve but to perpetuate abuſe;
If words become the equivoques of ſenſe,
The pliant inſtruments of ſtate defence,
And new vocabularies ſtill compoſed
By which the worſt cauſe may with eaſe be glozed,
That even the moſt acknowledged truths are ſnares,
Which lead us into error unawares,
And pure religion heaven-deſcended page
A maſk that hides the vices of the age;
If as the practice in a neighbouring realm
Of thoſe who to our coſt direct the helm
And fill the ſhuddering heart with deep amaze,
The moſt outrageous cruelty diſplays,

The theory of thoſe who guide our own
And the true ſpirit of our laws diſown,
The moſt outrageous nonſenſe comprehend,
And to ſuch dire extremes too plainly tend:

END OF THE FORTY-SIXTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

IF it be loyal ſtill to blunder on,
And think that myriads were made for one;
That all ſhould be ſubſervient to his whim,
Not he ſhould live for us, but we for him;

That

That a few erring men their ſtates ſhould drain
And with their ſubjects ſtrew the enſanguined plain.
Secure amidſt the intrigues of a court
Of human wretchedneſs ſhould make their ſport,
And at their pleaſure turn this ſubject ball;
Or ſtill more loyal not to think at all:
If praiſe to vicious courſes appertain
And honour to the very worſt of men:——
If by long tampering with the ſprings of ſtate
They ſcarcely ſhould ſupport their needful weight,
If by the ſpurns and ſcoffs that are the meed
Of every truly great and virtuous deed,
The unexampled partiality
For every ſpecies of venality,
The ſympathetic cordial embrace
That ſoothes remorſe and compenſates diſgrace,

The principle of government be changed
And the whole fabric of the ſtate deranged;
If patriot zeal not only ſhould be quelled
By every act oſtenſibly repelled,
But ſtormed in its impenetrable holds,
Torn even from the heart's moſt ſecret folds,
If not alone thoſe objects that ſupply
The wants of life and captivate the eye,
But emulation, gratitude, and fame,
Paternal love, and friendſhip's ſacred flame,
The nobleſt motives that our actions guide,
Should ſtill be liſted on corruption's ſide,
Or round the miſcreant's brow their honours twine,
Or ſacrificed at Mammon's filthy ſhrine;
If the pure fount from whence it takes its ſource
Should be diverted from its natural courſe,

If

If all that can promote this glorious end
Should to ſupport a venal junto tend;
If imperceptibly the root decay
Ere the young tendril opens to the day;
If warped by this invincible control
The lovelieſt features of the human ſoul
An univerſal apathy congeal;
Deprived of eyes to ſee, or ſenſe to feel;
And in a temporary Chaos hurled,
The intellectual and moral world:
If jarring intereſts ſtupify the brain
And lead us round to infancy again,
That we thoſe truths no longer can diſcern
Which erſt we knew, and ever firſt ſhould learn,
If that true ſenſe with which we once were bleſt,
When leſs poſſeſſing, we the more poſſeſt,

That

That generous glow, and vital warmth abate,
Which marks the health and ſoundneſs of the ſtate,
And a mere feveriſh reſtleſsneſs ſucceed;
Which leads to every change but that we need:
If on this tottering baſe the empire ſtand
And lift againſt herſelf an impious hand,
Senate and people by connivance join
Or by miſtaken principles combine
Their boaſted privileges to deſtroy
And ſap the fount of every ſocial joy;
If regal influence encompaſs all,
Our ills are paſt redreſs, and we muſt fall.
Here lies the ſecret ſource of all our woes.
'Twere vain to ſtrive and fraud to fraud oppoſe,
Since all exiſting evils we deplore,
Or were we even to add ten thouſand more,

Not

Not only would from age to age remain
But ſtill accumulated force would gain
In ſpite of all that we can urge, until
This mortal taint be purged away, would ſtill
Delude the ſkilful, and defeat the brave,
Since a corrupted people none can ſave.
" Predictions vain! in wealth, in power we riſe,"
Some liſping Tyro of the age replies;
Who views the viſible diurnal ſphere
Where ſtill unchanged the ſcenes of life appear,
And thence ſagaciouſly concludes, the ſtate
May bid defiance to the ſtorms of fate,
That every preſage of approaching ill
Nought but our own prepoſterous fears fulfil;
Ah, fool, fool, fool! As well mayeſt thou ſuppoſe
While o'er thy thriftleſs board unceaſing flows

What

What conſtant uſuries can ſcarce ſupply,
And ſtill increaſing pomp allures thine eye,
That from diminiſhed ſtores reſources riſe
And ſpurn the timely councils of the wiſe;
Or when in Bacchanalian ſcenes immerged,
Where night and day in huge potations urged
The mirthful toaſt and clamorous ſong reſound
And the ſwoln veins with recreant juices bound,
While the ſame florid hue thy face retains
That ſtill within thy wonted vigour reigns,
And laughing at preſages paſt, exclaim
"Deluded ſeers, avaunt! I am ſtill the ſame."
Know, trifler, at thy peril thou art pleaſed.
Thy ruin firſt began where prudence ceaſed.
The miſchief is arrived thou ſeekſt to brave.
Though change diſtreſs thee, nought but change can ſave.

But

But even if all were ſafe, ſhall we depend
On meaſures that at leaſt to ruin tend?
Whilſt ſome adventurous hand ſtill guides the helm?
Still of our wealth be told whilſt debts o'erwhelm?
Whilſt the dark tempeſt o'er the welkin howls
And on the ſwelling ſurge the veſſel rowls
'Midſt rocks and quickſands ſteers her dangerous courſe
Though ſheltered bays preſent a ſure reſource,
Shall the raſh pilot to diſplay his ſkill
The faithful crew with ceaſeleſs terrors fill?
'Tis not a land o'erwhelmed by fire or flood
Or barbarous Hordes whoſe tracts are marked with blood,
'Tis not that every ſocial tie be broke
Or ſubjects linked by thouſands to the yoke,
Or tens of thouſands doomed at once to bleed,
Whilſt loud applauſes ſignalize the deed,

Or

Or that a vaſt metropolis ſhould fall
And one prodigious wreck encircle all,
That form thoſe dire predictions we deride;
Nor ills like theſe by ruin are implied;
But that a ſordid, mercenary band
Have by the bribes which hourly they expand
The nobleſt columns of the ſtate deſtroyed,
On which was built the freedom we enjoyed,
From whence our boaſted opulence aroſe
Which ſtill in unexhauſted channels flows,
The baſis of our government deranged
And to a proſperous deſpotiſm changed,
That not to laws confined their venal rage
Has tainted even the morals of the age,
Virtue the ſole criterion that we know
Of happineſs or miſery below

Has

Has long from cities, courts, and ſenates fled
And hangs in poverty her drooping head,
That though all outward forms may ſtill remain,
Though in our own deſpight we ſtill retain
Some ſhew of liberty, ſome ſpecious good,
The vital principle on which it ſtood
Has long been loſt, each contemplative eye
Clear as the noon-day ſun muſt needs deſcry.

END OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH CANTO.

THIS loſs precedes thoſe more tremendous ills
With which his liſt of crimes the Deſpot fills;
And many a year ſteals unperceived away
Ere yet the avenging Gods their wrath diſplay.

The

The bleſt effects of patriotic zeal
Are ſtill impreſt upon the public weal,
Caſt o'er the realm a ſhort-lived, lingering ray,
Till in deſpotic power they melt away.
Even as the genial heat the fields retain
When Sol retires, ſtill chears the induſtrious ſwain,
Or the bright ſcenery charms his roving ſight
Ere yet enveloped in the ſhades of night.
But that one day ſuch miſchiefs may arrive,
Is far more to be feared by thoſe who live
In ſtates that freedom's happieſt days have known,
Than thoſe which tremble at a tyrant's frown;
Which have from age to age the ſcourge endured;
To deſpot power from the earlieſt times inured.
Since this ſad change that ſhould our cares engage
Of future changes is the dire preſage:

Since

Since men are ſtill with furious paſſions toſt
Where they conceive the bleſſings they have loſt
By right moſt indefeaſible their own:
Which to vindictive violence are blown
When with mere ſhadows we amuſe the throng,
And inſult aggravates the public wrong.
Should ſome new claimant to the throne appear
And towards our coaſt with hoſtile ſquadrons ſteer,
Should to preſerve our chartered rights propoſe
And reſcue Britain from impending woes,
Would we not all with ready zeal contend
Who firſt the beſt of Sovereigns might defend?
Should ſome intrepid chief our empire claim,
Who his avowed intention ſhould proclaim
Thoſe glorious privileges to invade
A venal miniſtry have long betrayed,

Would not our Britiſh ſpirit rouze to arms
And drown all terms of peace in war's alarms?
Nor from the ſtate howe'er perverted ſwerve,
But even with the ſame defects preſerve?
If ſuch invaſions we reſiſt in foes
Why not in treacherous friends alike oppoſe.
Do then politic wrongs more heinous ſeem
In thoſe we hate, than thoſe we moſt eſteem.
Who can ſuch cordial amity diſplay,
Charm with a look and with a ſmile betray.
Although ſeditious tenets to expand
And with outrageous zeal infect the land,
Were remedies far worſe than the diſeaſe,
Which moderate meaſures can alone appeaſe,
Yet for the very miſchiefs we portend
Should we our laws with tenfold care defend:

From

From the prevailing bias of the hour,
No leſs of factious rage than deſpot power.
Whilſt yet within our reach the means remain
By which this glorious end we can obtain,
Let us with unremitting zeal purſue;
For ever keep this landmark in our view,
This pole-ſtar of the ſtate, though now o'ercaſt;
That no ſuch remedies arrive at laſt.
What proof of love to Sovereigns can we give,
What greater ſervice to the ſtate atchieve,
Than thoſe prerogatives they ſtill abuſe
Within their proper channels to reduce?
Or can their hatred aught demonſtrate more,
Than to preſerve the ſeeds of wild uproar
By ſtriving ſtill their influence to extend
And injure us who would their thrones defend?

Who would in ſpite of all the ills we dread
Our blood at their command with tranſport ſhed.
The mild approach of arbitrary ſway,
The unperceived gradations of decay,
Of liberty have ever been the ſnare;
Nor till it is too late are we aware.
This enemy of national repoſe
Still ſeeks our ruffled feelings to compoſe;
Even like a thief amidſt the night arrives,
And by our wreckleſs oſcitancy thrives.
If by ſuch themes deluded, ſtill we wait
For ills that menace our domeſtic ſtate,
'Till atheiſtic night the land o'erſpreads
And churches topple on their warders' heads,
If that the harveſt of our toil we reap
And upon beds of down ſecurely ſleep,

That

That no inteſtine wars our peace annoy
Nor horrors damp the ſource of every joy,
To prove our freedom we ſuch reaſons urge,
From every juſt criterion we diverge;
Since Sovereigns may our deareſt rights diſclaim
And all around appear at leaſt the ſame,
Or exerciſe politic tyranny
And leave our properties and perſons free.
Such ſymptoms oft eſcape plebeian eyes;
Oft in apparent health the danger lies;
Since ſtates by freedom's guiſe may be enſlaved
And by a liſtleſs confidence depraved.
But all may yet be well if we recede.
'Tis not the taſk itſelf we have to dread,
Were miniſters but converts to the cauſe
Or guided by the ſpirit of our laws.

From

From their reſiſtance can alone proceed
Of future miſeries the fatal ſeed.
If thoſe who far above corruption riſe
And all the little bribes of power deſpiſe
In this great work with chearful hearts combine,
How ſoon might miniſterial influence join
And ſwell their numbers with that miſcreant band
Who move ſubſervient to her high command:
Who if the worſt of meaſures they defend
But to obtain the moſt inſidious end,
'Twere horrible in nature to conceive
That there a mortal ſo depraved can live,
Who would not with alacrity ſupport
Thoſe which of freedom are the laſt reſort:
By which the ſelf-ſame end might be obtained
And the moſt honourable triumph gained.

Thus

Thus all to peace and order may redound.
Some bright reverſion haply may be found
The better ſenſe of Britons may prevail,
And we our Halcyon days once more may hail.
The ſpirit of our fathers may return
And in their children's callous boſoms burn;
May our contracted hearts once more expand
And ſpread ſubſtantial freedom o'er the land;
May even without a pang our rights reſtore
And Gallia's frantic ſons be feared no more.
But if unmoved we ſee our rights decay;
If public ſhame our patriot cares repay,
The living death of abſolute deſpair
That draws with felon guilt the vital air,
That even each word, each thought, each look reſtrains,
Avert it, Heaven! but one reſource remains.

Oh,

Oh, wretched Miniſtry! devoted land!
Immortal Jove! ſtretch forth thy helping hand!
While thus the youth from every vice refined
Poured out the patriot fervours of his mind,
His mute attendants who around him ſtood
And long had wondered at his altered mood,
Which to ſplenetic humours they aſcribed
From thought intenſe and watchful cares imbibed,
In theſe laſt words which Britain's fate denounced
With hands upraiſed and haggard looks pronounced,
The marks of a diſtempered brain deſcry,
And to his aid with wild impatience fly.
Faſt in their arms with anxious care confined.
And while they ſtrive his ſtruggling limbs to bind
Doubtful to whom ſuch frenzy to confide,
And in what darkſome cell his ſhame to hide,

Or

Or by the opiate wand no longer charmed,
Or haply by this ſudden ſhock alarmed,
At length as from a trance the Premier woke:
And ſmiling, thus his faithful friends beſpoke.
Thanks to your cares! my ſenſes are reſtored.
Heavens! what a dreary waſte have I explored,
On what portentous precipices hung!
What idiot maxims have diſgraced my tongue!
What a deep gloom was o'er my ſenſes caſt!
Thanks to the radiant light that dawns at laſt!
Britannia, hail! I ſee thee as thou art;
Replete with all that freedom can impart.
Farewell, reforms! farewell, each patriot ſcheme!
Of cloiſtered pedantry the ſluggiſh dream.
Welcome the pride of power, the luſt of gain,
And wars and intrigues that ſupport their train!

Welcome the gilded follies of the day,
Each happy prelude of defpotic fway!
Welcome that fenfe with which our ifle is bleft,
Which teaches us that all that is, is beft!
Thus fpoke the fettered youth in joyous ftrain,
And to his wonted guile returned again.
Whilft all around his happy change relate,
And hail once more the faviour of the ftate.
In fpite of years intuitively fage,
The luminary of the darkened age!
With candour, truth, and freedom moft replete,
Supremely good! fuperlatively great!

END OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FORTY-NINTH CANTO.

BUT now in flow proceſſion moved along,
Accompanied with a promiſcuous throng
Of chariots and troops in long array
And ſerried crowds that darkened all the way,

The

The beſt of Sovereigns; whilſt around him wait,
Bearing the ſymbols of monarchic ſtate,
The confidential ſervants of the Crown
And many a gorgeous chief of high renown.
With prancing hoofs the hollow pavements ſound;
And ſhouts of joy from ſtreet to ſtreet reſound.
Towards the Senate-houſe his courſe he bends,
And ſlowly from the ſumptuous car deſcends.
The conſcious portals gladdened as he paſt
And looks around of ſecret tranſport caſt.
Reiterated clamours round him fly,
Strain every cheek and brighten every eye:
Whilſt diſtant cannons rend the burdened air
And to the ſkies the important tidings bear.
Within the ermined Peers in order ſtand
And wait in mute ſuſpenſe his high command.

In regal pomp the Monarch ſpeeds his way
And dazzling ſplendors that eclipſe the day:
The purple robes are o'er his ſhoulders ſpread
And the rich diadem adorns his head;
Whoſe radiant light his penſive brow illumes;
The throne and ſceptre then at once aſſumes.
On all ſides round profound attention reigns:
Whilſt he in thought, for the exalted ſtrains
Of his conned ſpeech, the accent due prepares,
And of the public mind to ſoothe the cares.
The God, who with his paſt ſucceſs elate
Had ſlowly followed this career of ſtate,
Extended now unſeen his magic hand
And gently touched him with the opiate wand.
Strait from his brain the mimic medley flew.
Not even a word the ſtaggered Monarch knew.

But

But in each effort of reflection croſt
And by a thouſand wavering paſſions toſt,
With intermingled ſighs in ſpite of art,
Expreſſed at length the feelings of his heart.
Gods! what a hoſt of cares my ſoul pervades!
What melancholy damps! what doleful ſhades!
With what a load my boſom is oppreſt!
How conſcience riſes ſunk ſo late to reſt!
Can it then be, that I am ſtill deceived?
Have miniſterial guile as truth believed?
I ſee it now, 'tis plain. Too late I ſee.
Caitiffs avaunt! nor lift your hands to me.
For here the courtier-train that round him ſtands
On bended knee ſtretched forth their ſuppliant hands.
I am not mad. My ſenſe I have regained:
In long and doleful jeopardy detained.

I was

I was ere now, and have been from my youth;
Too oft have ſwerved from juſtice and from truth.
Who penned ſuch traſh was mad. Detefted feat!
'Twere even an act of frenzy to repeat.
Here from his robe the expected ſpeech he drew,
And held expoſed a while to public view;
Then tearing caſt a wrathful look around,
And with its ſcattered fragments ſtrewed the ground.
Thanks to the power who thus illumes my mind!
From all deluſions paſt at length refined;
Sheds his kind influence o'er life's parting day,
And to ſubſtantial honour points the way.
But ſince it now behoves me to explain
Of our politic ills the fatal train,
'Tis in a word comprized, we are undone.
Nay, even the ills we dread are ſcarce begun.

Ye

Ye look to me for aid, I've none to give.
I will no more myſelf or you deceive.
The pomp of words but ill befits our ſtate
Or the deceptious glare of vain debate.
Could ye but feel how wretched is our boaſt,
Or eſtimate the bleſſings we have loſt,
Like me with broken hearts ye would repine;
And beat your throbbing breaſts, as I do mine.
Would rend your robes, and ſit in ſackcloth down:
With ſighs for words, and aſhes for a crown.
Forth from his eyes the tears now guſhed amain:
Then pauſing, he aſſumes a firmer ſtrain:
Yet let us not deſpond; but all unite
To join the ſevered bonds of ſocial right;
The equilibrium of the ſtate reſtore,
And the true ſource of public wrongs explore.

Since

Since thoſe that now we ſtruggle to diſguiſe,
From nought but general proſtitution riſe.
Who can without a miracle conceive,
Can even credulity itſelf believe,
That there on earth a nation can be found,
At leaſt where ſcientific lights abound,
Who ſuch deſtructive meaſures would purſue
With all their paſt experience full in view,
Such loathed follies annually repeat,
Be ſtill the dupes of ſome adventurous feat,
Unleſs urged on by an impulſive power?
Or gained like Danae by a golden ſhower?
Where once the paſſions of the man prevail
The legal functions of the Monarch fail.
Theſe by the wiſdom of our laws disjoined,
Have miniſterial arts at length combined;

And rendered thus the welfare of the ſtate,
Dependent on the follies of the great.
Shall we to every outrage then expoſe
Thoſe who on us alone their truſt repoſe?
Who in our wiſdom and our faith confide,
And all the laws of God and man deride?
Or rectify the abuſes we deplore,
And to the laws their long-loſt weight reſtore?
" Reſerve your treaſures for a time of need,"
Of real Patriots ſtill has been the creed.
That time by folly haſtened, now is come.
What eye can penetrate the impending gloom?
How ſenſeleſs now do all our wars appear!
That drained the beggared ſtate year after year.
Whate'er by prudence paſt we might perform,
Though we might long have braved the furious ſtorm,

Does

Does there exiſt a man who will maintain,
That from the ranſacked ſtate we now can gain
The ſubſidies our preſent wants demand
But by extending forth an iron hand?
Subtracting from the bleſſings we enjoy
Or riſking evils that muſt all deſtroy?
Where now of Britain is the ancient boaſt?
I have indeed in error's maze been loſt!
Too much preſumed, alas! on what we were
And thought our proweſs ſtill beyond compare.
I vainly thought, with this once powerful arm
I could with eaſe have huſhed the fierce alarm:
And in the pride of power, audacious thought!
When late ſurrounding ſtates my friendſhip fought
And in my breaſt tumultuous paſſions burned,
The tide of war magnanimouſly turned;

Have

Have bravely triumphed o'er the inſulting foe
And cruſhed contending nations with a blow.
How changed our ſtate! The danger is reverſed.
Heaven only knows who now may fall the firſt!
If we ourſelves eſcape the fatal ſnare,
This warning ſhould awaken all our care;
And make us wiſe at laſt. Would it were o'er!
That we of bloody wars may hear no more.
Help then, O Peers! Be all united now:
Your honeſt ſentiments at once avow:
And what may beſt ſecure the public weal
To your deluded Prince at length reveal.
Let us not waſte our time, 'twere vain to grieve,
But ſtrive by one great effort to retrieve.
Now for a while immerged in deepeſt thought
The Monarch ſtood, and ſeemed with anguiſh fraught.

Whilſt

Whilſt plainly marked upon his penſive mien
Were the firſt fruits of true repentance ſeen.
Then thus reſumed: I feel my ſoul transformed,
And with the ſtate my follies paſt reformed:
Around my heart each patriot paſſion twine
And all my people's intereſts mixed with mine.
How baſe the miniſter who dares adviſe
By venal arts his Sovereign to riſe!
Or ſunk in pomp and ſloth to waſte his days!
Curſt be the ſlave who thus his truſt betrays!
To ſit immured in palaces forlorn!
Or on the glittering tide of folly born!
To him inſipid, cruel to the ſtate.
How far more wiſe, how far more truly great
Is he, who active in the public cauſe
Is only ſtudious to deſerve applauſe!

Founds on his ſubjects' good a laſting fame,
And makes their welfare and his own the ſame.
Who to a throne more real luſtre gives,
Than the proud Deſpot of the north receives.
What are the pomps and gauds of ſtate to this?
The fleeting phantoms? the ideal bliſs?
'Tis in the charm of thoſe enlivening rays
Which true benevolence around diſplays,
That human happineſs alone is found.
From whence thoſe tranſports of the heart redound
That chear of life the melancholy way
And make our days roll unperceived away.
That ſweetly vary each revolving hour:
And even communicate to wealth and power
A higher zeſt, a more exalted glow,
Than all the arts of luxury can beſtow.

How

How ſweet is it in every eye to trace
The bleſſings of a proſperous reign! How baſe
To injure thoſe by whom we moſt are loved!
Who in all perils have their faith approved!
Were monarchs but proportionably kind,
Were their affections from the droſs refined
Of each ambitious view, each bright allure,
Were but their love, as your allegiance pure,
Their influence would far more wide expand
Than that which miniſterial bribes command.
The public gratitude each wiſh ſupply
And the weak efforts of their foes defy.
Their thrones and their prerogatives defend
Whilſt to the public happineſs they tend.
For who would his authority reſtrain
Who in the hearts of men aſpires to reign?

The Monarch's power immortal as the ſtate
Would weather out the rougheſt ſtorms of fate;
Still with the deareſt intereſts of mankind
Would in perpetual union be combined.
But is to theſe oppoſed, a meteor gay,
The beauteous Iris of a ſtormy day;
Its happieſt hours annoyed with ſecret fears;
And at the firſt convulſion diſappears.

END OF THE FORTY-NINTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTIETH CANTO.

THE Monarch ceaſed. Deep ſilence reigns around.
An awful pauſe! Amazement moſt profound!
Not even a word, a ſound, a breath tranſpires.
The general pulſe ſtands ſtill, each heart expires.

But

But as the Sovereign from his throne withdrew
Tumultuous cries and warm debates enſue.
Or that ſuch reaſons with their thoughts combine,
Or with their Sovereign ſtill diſpoſed to join,
Or that the virtues of the magic wand
Might have infected too the ermined band,
They now no more their real ſtate conceal
But all their inmoſt thoughts at once reveal.
Conſcience reſumes her long-ſuſpended ſway,
And in each breaſt her genuine feelings play.
Firſt of their patriot King the praiſe they chaunt
And all his new-fledged virtues proudly vaunt:
Above all Kings on earth exalt his name,
And vote their firm ſupport with loud acclaim.
Then to reform proceed with active zeal
And fond affection for the common weal.

Each

Each word, ſome patriotic wiſh imparts,
Each look, the genuine feelings of their hearts.
But, ah, ill fated ſcheme! deluſive ſpell!
Still-born once more the hopeful embryo fell.
And from their graſp each fairy viſion flies;
Grief to the wiſe, and mirth to fools ſupplies.
For e'er this glorious change was well begun
Back to the heart their ebbing paſſions run;
And to their wonted complaiſance returned
They even the thought of change indignant ſpurned.
Swift as the winds and vollied lightnings veer;
And as their intereſts prompt exulting ſteer.
Yet 'mid this ſtrange apoſtacy ſerene,
With dauntleſs viſage, and unbluſhing mien,
Some of their paſt conſiſtence proudly boaſt:
And in a maze of contradictions loſt,

When

When reprobated by the faithful few
Who to their principles are ever true,
Still ſtrive to varniſh their politic crimes;
And the avowed corruption of the times,
In ſpite of all the charges of their foes,
With ſome ingenious ſophiſtry to gloze.
Others their art more openly reveal,
Nor ſcarce the motives of their change conceal.
Move as the miniſterial magnet draws
Or of ſucceſſive factions own the laws:
Fraught with that verſatility of foul
Nor bribes nor principles can long control.
Nor though reminded of the ſecret ſnare
From whence it roſe are yet themſelves aware.
Nor can they even recede when once begun,
But turn, and turn, and ſtill keep turning on.

Now

Now through the hall Cyllenius poſts along
And once more mixes with the vulgar throng.
Precipitately moves from ſtreet to ſtreet
Doubting what next his roving eyes may meet.
On his celeſtial miſſion ſolely bent;
And ſtill on all aſſiduouſly intent.
When, through a porch where poured the motley crowd,
Inceſſant plaudits mixed with voices loud
Aſſail his ear. Onward the Herald ſpeeds,
And follows where the general current leads.
Where oft ſecluded in a ſpacious room,
But ſparely lighted through the circling doom,
(Some democratic intrigues to oppoſe
And all the fervour of their zeal diſcloſe,
The church and ſtate profeſſing to uphold,
But more allured by miniſterial gold)

Aſſembled

Aſſembled crowds at ſtated periods ſate:
A Chief renowned thus urged the high debate:
Let Gallia's ſufferings teach us to be wiſe.
See there, what bleſſings from reforms ariſe.
Heavens! what an awful ſcene! what ills await
This childiſh tampering with the ſprings of ſtate!
If we our envied lot would ſtill enjoy,
Let us this germ of anarchy deſtroy.
Watch even the ſlighteſt movements of the foe,
And cruſh theſe preſtiges of public woe.
Can we their wretched ſtate with ours compare
And not give thanks to Heaven for what we are?
What a ſtrange contraſt ſtrikes at once our view!
What bleſſings here revolving years renew!
A gracious Monarch by his people loved!
A proſperous realm progreſſively improved!

Religion

Religion here her ſacred page unfolds;
Each civil and politic right upholds;
Which to the heart are ever moſt endeared
Where God is worſhipped, and his laws revered.
Here influence is with liberty combined,
And from its groſſer particles refined;
Nor from our laws and charters ever ſwerves,
But 'midſt a load of debts the ſtate preſerves;
Which perfect independence might annoy
And all the benefits we boaſt deſtroy.
Alliances the public peace enſure.
In every ſtorm our veſſel rides ſecure.
And whilſt the thirſt of conqueſt we diſown,
With dauntleſs valour ſtill maintain our own.
Here arts and elegancies moſt abound
And ſcience ſheds meridian light around.

The people guided by her chaſtening ray
With joy ſupport the meaſures of the day.
Here laws have oft been candidly repealed
When not with general approbation ſealed.
Let deſpot power inculcate chilling fear,
The nobleſt principles are blended here.
Democracy with Monarchy entwined,
Honour and virtue amiably combined.
Of all politic forms eſteemed the beſt,
And long has been a model to the reſt.
A firm though moderate hand the ſtate ſuſtains;
Sedition to the galling oar enchains;
And executes on our domeſtic foes
That juſtice which prevents ſucceeding woes.
Societies new benefits expand
And ſcatter information o'er the land.

Whilſt

Whilſt thoſe are ſtill moſt ſtudiouſly ſuppreſt
Whoſe dangerous maxims may our peace moleſt.
A generous ardor here inflames the ſoul
That ſpurns of ſelfiſh views the mean control;
Bids us againſt a race of Atheiſts riſe
And bravely vindicate the inſulted ſkies;
And whilſt we brave theſe ruffians to the field,
Who to our high commands diſdain to yield,
Strew with our ſlaughtered friends the earth and main,
And thoſe who ſtill ſurvive with taxes drain,
An apoſtolic charity imparts
That would correct the vices of their hearts;
And ſpread thoſe ſacred lights from ſhore to ſhore
That madmen to their ſenſes muſt reſtore.
Exalted merit! Effort moſt ſublime
That ſtands recorded on the rolls of time!

Nay,

Nay, all that human life can ſoothe and charm
Or of its pains and rigors can diſarm,
Placed like a troop of guardian angels round,
Are in theſe bleſt dominions ever found.
The liberal profeſſions lead the van.
The moral and politic ſtate of man
Strive with diſintereſted aim to ſerve.
Our fortunes, conſciences, and health preſerve.
The poor are kindly nouriſhed at our coſt
And wealth ſupplies what indigence has loſt.
Innumerable ſchools are here maintained
Where youth to arts and eloquence are trained:
The claſſic page of Greece and Rome explore
And tread thoſe paths their maſters trod before.
Here ſeminaries too are ſcattered round
Where all that nature can adorn is found.

Which quickened into life that worth diſplays
Which ſheds around us this meridian blaze:
Still adds new vigour to the public cauſe,
And fills the wondering world with loud applauſe.
There o'er a ruined empire vengeance frowns,
The voice of reaſon and of nature drowns.
Their crimſon trophies murderous chiefs uprear,
Wet with the widow's and the orphan's tear.
The ſon betrays the ſire, the ſire the ſon,
And myriads fall ere half their race is run.
Brother encounters brother fierce in arms:
The ſwain indignant ſpurns his miſtreſs' charms
Who roams diſtracted o'er the darkened plain
And finds his mangled corſe 'mid heaps of ſlain.
Suſpicion ever watchful lurks unſeen,
Clothes with new horrors even the Guillotine;

That ſtill with hideous craſh plies night and day,
Yet ſcarcely half devours her deſtined prey.
Whilſt thoſe whom dire neceſſity reprieves
The wave or ſword promiſcuouſly receives.
Each patriot wiſh decides the culprit's fate.
Remote from all the turmoils of the ſtate
The withered veteran bows the proſtrate head,
Where time had long his ſnowy honours ſhed;
The youth with dauntleſs courage meets his doom
And ſmiles at death in life's juſt opening bloom.
There on the ſcaffold more their necks extend,
Than in the field their miſcreant chiefs defend:
Thouſands amidſt their ruined manſions lie
A prey to grief and endleſs miſery.
Or panic ſtruck o'er diſtant climates ſweep
Condemned in exiled wretchedneſs to weep.

Perpetual

Perpetual changes there, a nation's curſe,
Form of all ſocial right the ſad reverſe.
In virtue's garb inſatiate fury reigns;
And pallid fear the general will reſtrains:
The people by remorſeleſs laws depraved
Are in the guiſe of liberty enſlaved.
Dogmatic proſelites their poiſon ſpread,
And ſcare at once the heart, and craze the head.
To break aſunder ſuperſtition's chain
The moſt endearing ties have rent in twain.
Religion from her laſt retreat have driven
And hurled defiance in the face of Heaven.
And all that fervour of the mind repelled
By which the cauſe of virtue is upheld.
There for the purpoſes of fraud combined,
A Horde of ruffians in convention joined,

Have

Have in a few ſhort years more crimes amaſſed
Than blurs the hiſtory of ages paſt.
To ſchemes of power by treacherous arts aſpired
Beyond even thoſe that Rome by arms acquired.
There armies, towns, and provinces decay,
And crowded capitals are ſwept away.
Nor thoſe alone who ſtrew the enſanguined plain
But famiſhed priſoners are by thouſands ſlain:
That earth's remoteſt boundaries feel the ſhock,
Even Britain trembles on her ſtedfaſt rock.
There proffered friendſhip is a public curſe:
Than open war in all its horrors worſe.
There like a pyramid reverſed, the ſtate
Reſts on a ſingle point its tottering weight.
There like the Vandals 'mid the plains of Rome
A revel rout the general weal entomb:

And peace and order to the ſkies are fled;
Whilſt anarchy uprears her Hydra head.
Commiſſioned tyrants o'er the empire ſpeed;
The man who dares complain is ſure to bleed;
The moſt revered are doomed the firſt to fall
And pallid conſternation covers all.
The maſk of juſtice there more guilt conceals
Than the beſt police of the earth reveals.
Proſcriptions on proſcriptions crowded there,
Chill the warm blood and ſtir the bedded hair.
Death in a thouſand forms ſtalks uncontroled;
Still faithful to the ſcent of treaſured gold;
And moſt delights their precious blood to ſpill
Whoſe loſs the public eye with tears may fill.
Even thoſe whoſe talents beſt might ſerve the ſtate
Or views reform, are hurried to their fate.

Thus

Thus leagued againſt the intereſts of mankind,
Prowling like ſavage monſters unconfined,
This race of Jacobins, this virtuous band,
Who liberty would o'er the earth expand,
Of Tyrants extirpate the very race
And join all nations in one ſtrict embrace,
On friends and foes without diſtinction fall,
And ſtand confeſt the enemies of all.
That ſcarce a realm howe'er remote is found
But execrations at their crimes reſound.
Nor ſcarce a heart however loſt to ſhame
But ſhrinks with ſecret horror at the name.

END OF THE FIFTIETH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-FIRST CANTO.

So ſpake the Chief: Cyllenius thus replied:
Whatever miſchiefs Gallia's ſons betide,
Or even the general intereſts of mankind,
Methinks our views ſhould ever be confined

To

To what our native Iſle may beſt befriend,
And to its permanent advantage tend.
True patriots to the ſtate they ſerve belong,
Nor heed of eloquence the ſyren ſong.
If each its own peculiar good ſhould guard
The general welfare were the rich reward.
But though in generalities we ſoar,
On objects bent beyond our native ſhore,
Yet never from the meaſures we purſue
Can even the benefits we boaſt accrue.
New tyrants will ariſe, new ſtates rebel,
Or thoſe we brave become than fiends more fell.
Theſe meaſures, which our follies now have glozed,
Were erſt by each reflecting mind oppoſed.
By an imprudent act at length engaged
The worſt of ills, too juſtly are preſaged.

Poſterity

Poſterity their dire effects may feel
And when too late deplore this erring zeal.
A choice of evils now diſtracts our view.
Retreating were as bad as wading through.
The loſs is equal. Which way ſhall we ſteer?
Or buoyed by hope? or ſunk by chilling fear?
Shall we that crooked policy maintain
That all concentrates in precarious gain?
That rather than reform the tottering ſtate
Would drive us to the worſt extremes of fate?
Let us for once theſe paltry arts diſclaim
And on ſubſtantial juſtice found our claim.
True liberty at every riſk purſue;
Ere ſhe recede for ever from our view.
Let us to this ſheet-anchor firmly hold;
And wait the event, in conſcious virtue bold.

Periſh

Periſh the lore, that taught us firſt to ſtray
In ſearch of power from truth's unerring way.
On the rough tide of boiſterous paſſion toſt
Or in the maze of ſpeculation loſt.
'Tis ever from ambition's wild career,
Howe'er diſguiſed, that we have moſt to fear.
'Tis from perverted ſenſe, from factious rage,
The pliant turn of a corrupted age,
Our deviations from the obvious line
And ſenſe of duty, from that light divine,
That ſingleneſs of heart and honeſt worth,
From whence politic ills derive their birth.
What from without have we to loſe or win?
Our greateſt enemy ſtill lurks within.
The plain and obvious rules of government
Still tend the moſt to national content.

To combat mere opinion by arms,
Or of religion to diſplay the charms,
By force politic phantoms to diſperſe,
And theories that ſcarce are formed reverſe,
All Europe in the conteſt to engage,
And rouze even neutral ſtates to martial rage,
Is of all perſecutions ſure the worſt
With which poor erring man was ever curſt.
If ſubjects ſcorn to bend the ſupple knee,
Much more may ſtates, who as ourſelves are free.
If falſe, from reaſon let conviction flow;
Experience ſoon their ſad effects will ſhow.
To o'erawe the freedom of the human ſoul,
And with dogmatic creeds her flights control,
Is to uſurp each right by nature given,
And play the tyrant in the face of Heaven.

If this for war be a ſufficient plea,
What nation from this dreadful ſcourge were free?
With others we full oft might be engaged;
Or 'gainſt ourſelves, eternal battles waged.
Such baſeleſs theories, ſuch projects wild,
Have the torn ſtate of half her rights deſpoiled.
Which in the event if ſuffered to encreaſe
Of Europe might uproar the general peace;
And all thoſe ſcenes of anarchy renew
That Gallia's ſons have long expoſed to view.
What inference can be drawn from neighbouring powers?
A foreign realm can be no teſt of ours.
Firſt with its laws, the ſtate we ſhould compare,
Ere we can fairly judge of what we are.
A Monarch limited in power we boaſt,
The power exiſts, the limits now are loſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe principles that with reſiſtleſs force
Have ſwept its bounds away, have in their courſe
Our reverence for all that's good deſtroyed,
And poiſoned every bleſſing we enjoyed.
The language and the policy of courts,
Thoſe arts to which ambition ſtill reſorts,
By which a place or penſion may be gained
Or titled ſlaves in indolence maintained,
The baneful precedent of public fraud,
That venal crowds triumphantly applaud
And with each virtue ſtudy to confound,
Of vice and folly the contemptuous round,
That moſt amidſt the rich and great we ſee
Exalted high in ſtate or ſanctuary,
A character devoid of ſenſe or ſhame,
Of royal favour the admitted claim,

The

The open proſtitution of the great,
Their general preponderance in the ſtate,
Become a nurſery of public crimes
That cloud the proſpect of ſucceeding times,
Degraded merit, and perverted ſenſe,
The conſequence attached to vain pretence,
A moſt fallacious eſtimate of things
That of all emulation clips the wings,
Religion's page become the ſcoff of fools,
A mere collection of unpractiſed rules,
Of its profeſſors the reproach and ſhame,
By which they graſp at wealth and ſoar to fame,
All theſe are ills which though we leaſt deplore,
To public miſery contribute more
Than all beſide, in one dread liſt combined,
And breed more pungent ſorrows to mankind.

The vitals of the ſtate where theſe prevail
Muſt ſoon decay, and laws and charters fail,
And public liberty howe'er adored
Crouch at the nod of each tyrannic lord.
But what can this o'erwhelming tide reſtrain?
We muſt remove the cauſe, or ſtrive in vain.
In human hearts the genuine ſeed once ſown
To full maturity will ſoon be blown;
And like the countleſs myriads of the field,
Wide o'er the land a proſperous harveſt yield.
Virtue once more implanted in the heart
Her wonted energy will ſoon impart;
Though knaves the ſcheme oppoſe, or fools deride,
Will there in all her majeſty preſide.
May characters be trained to crimes alone?
Are we to every vice by nature prone?

From

From education may not virtue riſe?
And habit teach us to be juſt and wiſe?
As baneful precepts are with eaſe inſtilled,
So may the mind with nobleſt thoughts be filled.
Nay more, ſince ere by intereſt taught to ſtray
We all with joy purſue the better way;
And find as we advance that joy increaſe.
Perpetual ſource of happineſs and peace!

END OF THE FIFTY-FIRST CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-SECOND CANTO.

BUT each attempt to turn the heart were vain,
While the ſame ſprings of action ſtill remain.
The means by which we ſoar to place or power,
Or of diſgrace evade the blighting ſhower,

By

By which the ſmile of Princes may be won,
By which the public odium we may ſhun,
What may the hopes or fears of men excite,
Muſt ſtrictly correſpond to what is right.
Virtue muſt pine in poverty no more,
Nor vice exalted high the crowd adore.
What can be done, if that deſpiſed remains
And all the force of habit this retains?
Before our dazzled eyes from day to day
Her gaudy plumage ſpreads in bright array,
Still wins the heart with ſome deluſive ſcheme,
Of young ambition prompts the glowing dream,
While through his veins delicious tranſports thrill
Removes each barrier to the ſtubborn will,
The dreaded fears of conſcience lulls aſleep,
Then leaves at laſt the ill-ſtarred wretch to weep.

If by example ſtill we this enforce
And that be reverenced only in diſcourſe.
If this can all we want or wiſh procure
And that perpetual diſgrace endure.
If this muſt ever mortify the will
And that our hearts and arms and coffers fill.
This in the blaze of wealth and favour thrive
And that not even acknowledged whilſt we live.
This the applauded rule by which to ſteer
And that ſcarce ever named without a ſneer.
If this be thought the natural bent of youth
That a mere garland of Utopian growth.
But if this grand criterion we deſpiſe,
And ſtill on idols fix our roving eyes,
The very baſe of all our peace gives way
And public and domeſtic joys decay.

Reforms will ſtill elude our baffled aim
And ſtates in our deſpight remain the ſame.
To this then we muſt ſtrive our will to bend,
On this one point muſt all ſucceſs depend,
Such beneficial motives to impart
As ſcarcely ever fail to change the heart.
If of this needful change we once deſpair
All hopes of better days diſſolve in air.
But why deſpair? ſince we through life obſerve
Scarce ever from the ſtate the temper ſwerve.
Say then on what the ſtate of man depends?
On means the beſt adapted to his ends.
What are thoſe ends? his fortune and his fame.
And by what means produced? in all the ſame:
By bending to opinion's boundleſs ſway
And the prevailing maxims of the day.

If

If we opinion on right can found
The object of our ſearch will ſoon redound.
Our mode of education muſt be changed
And on theſe ſaving principles arranged.
Let us commence then with the rich and great;
Their influence alone might ſave the ſtate.
If but one man be gained, but even one,
Heaven grant he may! this glorious work were done.
It is a cauſe of ſuch prodigious weight,
So much of humankind involves the fate,
That all ſeems little when to this compared.
Though from each ſcene of bliſs, ſo lately ſhared,
A pampered peerage ſtarved and naked roam
In hopeleſs exile from their native home,
Or Sovereigns bleed, or empires riſe and fall:
On this ſole baſis ſtands the good of all.

But though the great recede, at leaſt the few
Who to the intereſts of mankind are true,
By ſlow degrees might with united aim
Retrieve of Britain the diminiſhed fame:
Bid this neglected cauſe once more revive
And virtue through ſucceeding ages live.
Each in his ſphere might ſtudy to employ
Thoſe means that muſt the germ of vice deſtroy;
Repel of faſhion the prepoſterous rage
And ſtem the tide of a corrupted age.
Some moral inſtitution might be found
To ſpread a noble emulation round.
Though of ſocieties a numerous train
Full oft for mere amuſement we maintain,
Yet not even one has ever yet appeared
By which the ſeeds of Virtue might be reared,

That

That by the aid of honour and reward
Her intereſts might at once promote and guard.
By which not only knowledge might be gained,
But the great end of life perchance obtained.
Shē is of government the very ſoul:
The etherial ſpark that animates the whole.
Long has the world by pompous phraſe deceived,
Scholaſtic ſophiſtries for ſenſe received.
And thought in democratic forms alone
She deigns to dwell, and ſpurns the Monarch's throne.
Honour or fear they cry muſt there prevail.
A mere unfounded rant! a grandam tale!
She to no form her energy denies,
Nor from the Monarch, nor the Deſpot flies.
But where his will the general welfare guides,
In each department of the ſtate reſides.

Alike

Alike in courts and ſenates has appeared
Long as the rights of mankind were revered,
But when by Tribunes or by Tyrants ſpurned
Indignant to her native ſkies returned.
Still lives with theſe nor e'er ſurvives their fall.
The ſole enlivening principle of all.
Freedom is but an offering at her ſhrine;
An emblem of her majeſty divine.
And where ſhe ſpreads her radiant light around
Can genuine liberty alone be found.
Let thoſe who virtue would to forms reſtrain,
Survey of frantic Gaul the enſanguined plain:
Where ſtern Democracy her banners ſpreads
And o'er all hearts envenomed rancour ſheds;
Each boaſt of ages paſt at random flings
And ſtalks triumphant o'er the pride of Kings,

Blood

Blood in continued ſtreams remorſeleſs pours,
That tinge the affrighted main's remoteſt ſhores;
Still with new crimes the human race degrades;
Whilſt the moſt abject fear the ſtate pervades.

END OF THE FIFTY-SECOND CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-THIRD CANTO.

BUT what of this great cauſe muſt be the bane
Is of officious Prieſts the pedant ſtrain.
Who make their own peculiar faith the teſt
Of what is right, and laugh at all the reſt.

Virtue

Virtue in their opinions compriſe
And leave but one way open to the ſkies.
Would with malicious ſneer diſparage all
Save what in this one tract may chance to fall.
Still by their influence ſtudy to impede
The reverence due to every virtuous deed.
Nay, thoſe who from the public creed diſſent
Still warn like hardened ſinners to repent.
Thus level all diſtinctions in a trice,
Aſſociate virtue with the dregs of vice.
But whilſt with others vainly they contend
And to invidious obloquy deſcend,
Others the charge with equal force renew
And drag their lives and characters to view,
The crowd conclude, 'tis all an idle boaſt,
And every ſpark of real worth is loſt.

Say

Say then in what conſiſts her genuine ſenſe?
That virtue may be known from vain pretence.
What rule the miſts of error can diſpel
And ſpeed our way? the Nazarite ſhall tell:
"Still practiſe what ye deem moſt juſt and true.
"Do as ye would that all ſhould do to you."
Full many a lettered ſage has vainly ſought
And gowned ſchoolman arrogantly taught
On what politic happineſs depends,
And ſchemes propoſed deſtructive of their ends.
Some of our trade and commerce proudly tell
And on our wealth and vaſt revenues dwell.
When theſe beyond their proper bounds extend,
The realm from dearth and famine to defend,
To increaſe the comforts of the induſtrious boor,
And feed and clothe and occupy the poor,

The ſtate to generous efforts to impel,
That from without may all aſſaults repel,
And ſuch a tide of luxury impart
As drowns the better feelings of the heart,
And in ambitious wars our ſtrength employ,
That hazard every bleſſing we enjoy,
Such boaſted benefits muſt prove our bane;
And baſe compliances our annals ſtain;
Until with dear-earned laurels covered o'er
We as a public loſs ſuch gain deplore.
Some to the mere conveniences of life,
Removed from every ſcene of noiſe and ſtrife,
To fretted roofs, and chariots decked with gold,
That ward the ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
To all the various luxuries of the land
That ſplendid fortunes may with eaſe command,

Of hounds and horſes the unrivalled breed,
Or what may beſt promote the traveller's ſpeed,
The matchleſs ſtructures that adorn our plains,
Or what more rare our envied iſle contains
Of her mechanics the unrivalled art,
Who elegance to all around impart,
Far as our commerce reaches ſpread their fame
And add new ſplendor to the Britiſh name,
To all that can the mind ſeduce or pleaſe,
Is public happineſs attached by theſe.
Prepoſterous happineſs! precarious good!
The genuine ſource of faſhion's idle brood.
That ever are by ceaſeleſs cares annoyed,
And miſſed alone by thoſe who have enjoyed.
That rend aſunder our domeſtic ties
And teach the poor how much their fate denies.

That

That are of prudence the perpetual ſnare;
Of which the moſt correct can ſcarce beware.
By which ten thouſand erſt with fortune bleſt
Sink with accumulated debts oppreſt
Year after year, and from their kindred torn
Pine out their days in baniſhment forlorn.
That ſpread a mere epidemy around,
Extending to our iſle's remoteſt bound;
By which our wants are with our means at war.
To ſocial pleaſures an eternal bar.
That lead mankind, from what is good and juſt,
In the moſt childiſh toys to place their truſt.
That triple each expence that life ſuſtains;
Augment our loſſes, and retard our gains;
Whence in all ſtates perpetually ariſe
Thoſe diametric inequalities

That

That to rebellious rage the poor diſpoſe,
The rich with ſome aſpiring Prince to cloſe,
Till all the dear-bought bleſſings Britons boaſt
But for the efforts of a few were loſt;
Till liberty to ſufferance dwindles down,
A dubious interval from ſlavery won,
And that fair tree we nurſed with anxious care
Shakes like a quivering aſpen in the air.
But moſt for population now contend
And on this ſole criterion depend.
So ſpake the Sage who analized the laws
And wondering nations crown him with applauſe.
This proves an empire is with plenty bleſt
But ne'er of happineſs can be the teſt.
As when o'er diſtant provinces we ſtray
Or through ſome crowded city bend our way,

And aſk while countleſs myriads ſwarm around
And ſmiling babes in every houſe are found,
What generous laws decrepid age maintain
And vagrant youth to induſtrious habits train,
Or if the boundleſs ſtores that bleſs the land
In due proportions they to all expand,
Enquire of thoſe who are with affluence bleſt
And by their rank diſtinguiſhed from the reſt,
What mode of education they receive
And in what uſeful occupations live,
If in their habits moral or depraved
Uninfluenced or by baſe deſires enſlaved,
Generous and open as in ancient times
Or cautious from the frequency of crimes,
If genuine hoſpitalities abound
And ſocial converſe ſpreads new life around,

If

If ſober, prudent, punctual, ſedate,
Or to the laſt extreme intemperate,
If with their families contented live
Or roam like ſwarming bees from hive to hive,
Ambitious to acquire ſubſtantial fame
Or tickled with the buzzing of a name,
If the plain rules of right and wrong obey
Or by the tide of faſhion borne away,
In manners modeſt, affable, humane,
Or with high flaunts each man they meet diſdain,
If in the courſe of his quotidian round
Full many a bright example may be found,
Who void of affectation and grimace
Does real honour to the human race,
If what moſt worthy of all praiſe we deem
Be ever named with reverence and eſteem,

If men of talents mix among the reſt,
If real worth be cordially careſſed,
And independence meet with high applauſe,
The ſole effectual bulwark of the laws,
And from theſe varied features ſoon conclude
If real happineſs be underſtood,
Even ſo, throughout the earth, wherever found,
Whatever ſeas remote an empire bound,
The only evidence that it be bleſt
On ſuch criterions muſt ever reſt.
Numbers and happineſs may coincide,
But yet are not invariably allied;
Since the moſt peopled ſtates the firſt decay
And to corruption fall an eaſy prey.
Where luxuries abound, a nation's bane,
May population unimpaired remain.

While to ſuch groundleſs data we refer
We ever muſt in our concluſions err;
And erring on this moſt eſſential theme
Commit our welfare to a dotard dream.
Give things their names, 'tis ſettled in a trice;
Call virtue happineſs, call miſery vice.
From theſe ſynonyma at once will flow
The ſafeſt rule to ſteer our courſe below.
Which can alone ſuch genuine worth infuſe
As to ſubſtantial good directs its views,
And from corruption's inbred taint defend;
To which extenſive empires ever tend.

END OF THE FIFTY-THIRD CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH CANTO.

To this pacific zeal we would expand
Which will at once unite and ſave the land,
To this propitious change which can alone
Support the people's rights and Monarch's throne,

Who

Who the moſt ſerious obſtacles oppoſe
And to deriſion ſtudy to expoſe,
Who ever are moſt ſtudious to repreſs
Are thoſe who might alone enſure ſucceſs.
Who of all others ſhould their influence uſe
Since of all others they have moſt to loſe.
Even Piety, fair Virtue's conſtant friend,
Now deigns no more its powerful aid to lend,
But with her moſt inveterate foes conſpires
To quench in every breaſt her lingering fires.
For what depraves the public manners more
Than of religion the perverted lore.
Than where her proud profeſſors we perceive,
Who ſhould the morals of the ſtate retrieve,
From their own doctrines ſtill recede the firſt;
Of all apoſtacies on earth the worſt.

But

But of religion nought deſerves the name
That quenches in the heart all ſenſe of ſhame:
Nor dares her ſtaunchеſt proſelyte defend
That which to public miſery muſt tend.
'Tis wiſe ſedition in its birth to quell
And innovations as they riſe repel,
The realm from factious intrigues to preſerve,
Nor from the ſpirit of thoſe laws to ſwerve
By which that envied ſtate was once acquired
In which ſcarce aught remains to be deſired.
But where a ſubject loyal juſt and true
With perſevering malice we purſue,
Or where an act ſuperlatively great
Becomes confounded with the crimes of ſtate,
Where by ſome legal ſubterfuge we blend
Thoſe who diſturb with thoſe who would defend,

And from their prayers ſtill turn the deafened ear,
Nor think though innocent their doom ſevere,
And by a cruelty the moſt refined
Inſult the common feelings of mankind,
Where an oppreſſive act we dare uphold,
In meanneſs as in conſcious virtue bold,
Whilſt thus to guard the ſtate we proudly boaſt
Behold! the key-ſtone of the arch is loſt.
Since by theſe vain pretexts to cruſh our foes
Far more than by ſedition we expoſe.
Since half the revolutions of the earth
Have from ſuch flagrant deeds derived their birth.
Not from calamities however great,
But the rouzed ſpirit of an outraged ſtate.
To check each effort for the public weal
And damp at once all patriotic zeal,

And with the out-ſtretched arm of power appal
Thoſe who our ancient ſpirit would recall,
Of miniſters has ever been the aim:
Who whilſt our hopes they artfully inflame,
Affect with watchful care to guard the laws
And anxiouſly promote the public cauſe,
Lead us, the obedient puppets of their will,
Ourſelves the meaſure of our woes to fill;
And make more rapid ſtrides to our undoing
Than thoſe that once of Monarchs ſealed the ruin.
Nay even the conſtant wars which we deplore
That of our wealth have drained the ample ſtore,
For which ſome ſpecious reaſon ſtill they find
The eyes of a deluded houſe to blind,
To gloze the ſnare moſt eminently tend
And of deſpotic ſway promote the end.

Since

Since the black clouds that over empires lower
Bring them ſtill more within the Premier's power.
Reduce infringements, to a ſlight offence
That claims the privilege of ſtate defence.
Full many a law that from the emergence roſe
To their moſt valued rights at length oppoſe.
Employ of citizens the willing zeal
In acts ſubverſive of the general weal.
Augment the influence of the rich and great
And with new clogs depreſs the hampered ſtate.
Thus when our realm deſtructive wars betide,
Perpetual ſource of miniſterial pride!
And fancied wrongs amuſe the public ear,
We for our liberties have moſt to fear.
Who from fictitious foes the ſtate would guard
Seeks in the general wreck ſome rich reward.

If at that wretched ſtate we ſhould arrive
As liberty from ſufferance to derive,
To ſee abuſe encreaſing every hour
And that which might correct beyond our power,
Though we of wealth may boaſt an endleſs ſtore
Our envied conſtitution is no more.
For what can this parade of rights avail
If when attacked the remedy ſhould fail?
Of all that we enjoy the ſole ſupport;
Which elſe of wild ambition were the ſport.
But while ſucceſſive wars our hopes allure
Alliances forſooth our peace ſecure!
Which many a ſage has ſtruggled to oppoſe
As one grand ſource of our politic woes.
From whence thoſe plauſible pretexts ariſe
That from the ſtate have drained ſuch vaſt ſupplies,

Some

Some ſpeculative project to purſue
From whence no real good can e'er accrue.
As well the wind might we attempt to change
As thus at our caprice the globe arrange.
Or ſtrive in necromantic arts to riſe,
And with Aſtrologers peruſe the ſkies.
Yet theſe of Miniſters are ſtill the rage,
To the diſgrace of an enlightened age;
Still ſerve to keep our patriot efforts down
And rob the people to enrich the crown.
If the whole kingdom in full council joined
Succeeding legiſlatures cannot bind,
Shall Premiers farther ſtill extend their ſway?
And teach us at our peril to obey
Thoſe laws that are in cabinets compoſed
And to our real intereſts oppoſed?

If it be ſo, precautions are in vain;
We ever at their mercy muſt remain.
Whilſt they for foreign ſtates ſuch zeal diſplay,
Shall they to us their plighted faith betray?
O'erreach us ſtill with ſome politic fraud?
Corrupt at home and virtuous abroad?
Or can a mutual contract aught avail
If the conditions whence it roſe ſhould fail?
Or ſhould our peace to thoſe be ſacrificed
That treacherous men for their own ends deviſed?
Are thoſe who govern guardians of the land?
Or are our wealth and lives at their command?
Or can a rule of government be found
But what ſhould to the general good redound?
Whoe'er the obvious inference would deny
Muſt every patriot virtue firſt belie.

Where

Where we ſome mutual benefit can trace
Alliance reſts upon a ſolid baſe.
Nor ſhould politic treaties ever bind
Save where continued benefits we find.
Let empires that of broken faith complain
More juſtly calculate their loſs and gain:
For there can be no genuine faith below
Oppoſed to that we to our country owe.
Where treaties to no needful object tend
The means become ſubverſive of the end.
The faith that we profeſs to have in view
Is ſacrificed to an exterior ſhew.
Thoſe who the public honour thus maintain
The public good at leaſt will ne'er reſtrain.
While they with treaties ward imagined ill
Perpetual wars our cup of ſorrow fill.

Such

Such maxims we by conſtant practice find
To be the genuine ſenſe of all mankind.
Since thoſe who on alliances repoſe
Are ſtill the dupes of their politic foes.
If we on theſe for our ſupport depend
From hoſtile powers the empire to defend,
Though if our paſt adventures may decide
The force of half the earth we may deride,
Scarce in an age ſuch combinations form,
Where we with cautious prudence ſhun the ſtorm,
As to require the aid of our allies,
Enriched meanwhile with annual ſubſidies.
Even when this dreaded criſis has arrived
No benefit have we from them derived;
But like the hind who prayed with fervent zeal
Applied at length our ſhoulders to the wheel.

Yet thus in ſpite of all that has been ſaid
From every ſober maxim we have ſtrayed;
And thus our prejudice for ever chimes
With ſome egregious juggle of the times.
Accumulated thus year after year
Abuſes now too palpably appear:
And freedom more effectually enſnare
Than even the wiſeſt men were well aware.
And to the world moſt evidently ſhow
What bleſt effects from confidence may flow.
Thus even the love we for our country feel
Directs of tyranny the uplifted ſteel.
And thus the weight of taxes we deplore
Becomes a pledge to add a hundred more.
Thus of a Miniſter the ſtern command
Spreads deſolation o'er a peaceful land;

The very whiff and wind of his fell ire
Blows o'er the aſtoniſhed earth the kindling fire;
And the wiſe laws that ſhould his power control
Shrink, as it blazes, to a ſhrivelled ſcroll.
But of the crowd, example is the guide,
Who ſtill by great majorities decide;
And think the general ſenſe of all around
Of argument the ſole ſufficient ground;
Urge ſuch ſagacious pleas in each diſpute
And all appeals to ſenſe at once refute.
From pleas like theſe, where wiſe men muſt demur,
We ſcarce of right or wrong can aught infer;
Not in thoſe ſtates at leaſt where faſhion reigns
And giddy paſſion fires the ſwelling veins;
Where ſuch egregious blunders oft prevail
That public ſanction is an idle tale;

Where

Where what at laſt majorities purſue
Has ſtill been deemed the prattle of a few.
Where ſuch perverſion of all ſenſe is found
What to the patriot's fame can more redound
Than that amidſt a hoſt he ſtands alone
And rails in the minority of one?
But why ſhould ſingularity degrade
And caſt o'er reaſon an opprobrious ſhade?
How many a ſaving truth that one deſcries
Of thouſands has eſcaped the piercing eyes?
What ſight on earth more noble than the Sage
Contending with the vices of the age?

END OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-FIFTH CANTO.

THOUGH we the poor at vaſt expence maintain,
Yet ſtill with too much reaſon they complain.
The liberal profeſſions we applaud
Serve to increaſe the maſs of public fraud:

The

The end for which they were ordained elude
On the moſt ſelfiſh principles purſued:
Seek with deceptious art our wealth to drain
Nor aught of liberal but the name retain.
Statutes from whence continued murmurs riſe
We to the general peace ſhould ſacrifice.
As ſome have been repealed, ſo much the more
Numbers that ſtill exiſt may we deplore.
Though we of conqueſt have renounced the name
The thirſt of aggrandizement is the ſame.
The ſame vindictive jealouſies enſue
And bloody leagues in future times accrue.
The rage of conqueſt where it ſtands confeſt
Is far more ſafe than where but half repreſt.
What then is gained may compenſate command
But all is loſt when urged with timid hand.

The conſcious fears that mark ſuch doubtful gains
Accelerate the vigour that reſtrains.
With hoſtile rage even neutral boſoms beat
The invidious acquiſition to defeat,
Succeſſive wars the general peace uproar
And leave the ſtate more beggared than before.
In public ſchools howe'er with learning fraught
Thoſe uſeful principles are rarely taught
By which the mind in virtue is upheld
And all the tumult of the paſſions quelled.
By which that flimſy veil is torn away
That decorates the vices of the day.
By which ſuſtained as by a ſolid rock
We of temptation may reſiſt the ſhock.
Or what we to our country owe may learn;
Through error's miſt her real good diſcern;

With

With uncorrupted firmneſs ſtill maintain
The vulgar ſhout and princely bribe diſdain
And leave ambition's groveling cares behind,
Enamoured of the intereſts of mankind.
The very few who dare aſſert the laws
And of the juſt and good obtain applauſe,
Who by their conſciences chaſtiſed to truth
Can ſtand ſecure amidſt the ſnares of youth,
And in the ſphere of duty meekly move,
This maxim moſt demonſtratively prove.
The learning we acquire too ſoon is loſt
Nor aught is left to compenſate the coſt.
Thus o'er the claſſic page we vainly pore
And ſtill remain juſt what we were before.
But may not virtue then in ſchools be taught?
They either teach us this or teach us nought.

Yet

Yet what a ſad reverſe is oft diſplayed!
Shall that which moſt exalts the mind degrade?
Soon from the cloiſtered gloom our youth emerge
And from their claſſic models ſtraight diverge,
Deep in the diſſipations of the age
Their thoughts, their time, their property engage.
At the worn thread of life at length repine
And find ere noon arrives, their day decline;
And the grand race that Greece aſpired to run
Which might with honour cloſe, not yet begun;
Or ere perchance their early bloom be paſt
In ſome prepoſterous duel breathe their laſt.
But what can education more diſgrace,
What practice more degrade the human race,
Than in cold blood each other to deſtroy
For every idle word that breeds annoy.

Not all the horrors of the Seine or Loire
That in ſuch plaintive numbers we deplore,
Or where one half a ſtate in queſt of power
The other would like beaſts of prey devour,
Or the fierce Hurons who from hoſtile blood
Derive at once their paſtime and their food
A more revolting ſpectacle diſplay,
Than in the very midſt of ſport and play,
The unſuſpicious talk, the jovial hour,
Whilſt plenty chears the hoſpitable bower,
Without one ſpark of paſſion, or a word
That from its ſheath ſhould rouze the ſlumbering ſword,
In pure compliance to a ſenſeleſs rule
Coined in Hell, and taught in faſhion's ſchool,
To ſee two boſom friends with lingering pace
And conſcious guilt depicted in each face,

To this deliberate butchery proceed,
And o'er each other triumph as they bleed,
The laſt expiring groan delighted hear,
That proves forſooth a heart devoid of fear!
Deteſted ſacrifice at faſhion's ſhrine
Of every precept human and divine!
That of domeſtic life deſtroys the charms.
The ſtain of courage, the diſgrace of arms,
The frail reſource of that inconſtant crew
Who by an act expoſed to public view
Of frothy valour and fictitious zeal,
The want of real courage would conceal.
That of a beaſt ſubſtantiate if they can,
Regardleſs of the ſpirit of a man.
Would as their lives all character belie
With varniſhed crimes the foul defect ſupply,

Some

Some Bobadil adventure to proclaim;
A ſtrutting pomp, a fabricated fame,
On acts far worſe than ſuicide to raiſe,
And found on infamy their claim to praiſe.
Of hardened guilt the imperious pretence,
Preſumption's plea, conviction's ſole defence.
That ſerves all juſt diſtinctions to confound
And ſcatters more than gothic darkneſs round.
By which the good are loſt and villains thrive.
Which proves there is not in the age we live
A practice or opinion ſo abſurd
But may derive a ſanction from the herd.

END OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH CANTO.

THE reaſons that are urged againſt all change
Than even theſe ſeem more abſurdly ſtrange.
Whatever bleſſings to our lot may fall,
Should neither fears moleſt nor fetters gall,

Should

Should equal laws prevail and wealth abound
We ſtill ſhould caſt a cautious eye around;
Be rouzed to vigilance, not ſhrink from care,
The more we have to loſe, the more beware.
Trace your proſperity; ſay, whence it roſe?
Was it by change preceded or repoſe?
Purſue the ſelf-ſame tract that it may laſt.
True wiſdom ſtill is guided by the paſt.
Let us like prudent huſbandmen proceed
And purge the land of each pernicious weed;
With ever cautious hand the tare reject;
The hopeful ear with foſtering care ſelect;
Let us perſiſt the generous ſoil to till;
Theſe are the ſureſt means to proſper ſtill.
'Twere madneſs to ſuppoſe no change of laws
Can be eſſential to the public cauſe,

That

That ſcarce an age have ever been the ſame.
But what ſhould then direct the Patriot's aim?
What ſhould the new ſuggeſt, the old repeal?
The exigencies of the public weal.
How are theſe exigencies aſcertained?
Are we to wait till actually conſtrained?
Or till the enſigns of rebellion fly
And then from pure neceſſity comply?
Should we by miniſterial arts aſſwage
The riſing ſtorm and ſoothe the public rage?
Still ſeek our tarniſhed honour to re rieve
And promiſe what we never mean to give?
Such tricks the groſſeſt ignorance betray
And point to anarchy the ſureſt way.
How far the ſubjects of complaint extend,
And where their probable effects may end,

The influence of thoſe that are aggrieved,
But moſt of all their right to be relieved,
The juſtice of the cauſe that they maintain,
Oppreſſive laws though none ſhould e'er complain,
(The timely aid that checks the ſtarting tear
To thoſe who are oppreſſed is doubly dear)
Theſe ſhould the ſtateſman's firſt attention claim
And in politic change direct his aim.
All that our intereſt threatens or promotes
The exigences of the ſtate denotes.
True liberty implies perpetual change.
Not that which may the general peace derange,
But ſuch as circumſtances oft demand
To keep alive her influence o'er the land.
As well might one replete with health diſclaim
The food or reſt that renovates his frame.

The

The ſocial talk renounce, the balmy air,
That our exhauſted ſpirits can repair.
Unconſcious that the proceſs of decay
To his accuſtomed vigour leads the way,
" I now am well," with triumph might exclaim,
" And from this hour will ever be the ſame."
Slow through the ducts of life his blood would paſs
And morbid humours taint the wholeſome maſs;
To reſtleſs thoughts and ſullen cares reſigned,
The clouds of diſcontent o'ercaſt his mind;
Warned by ſucceſſive ſymptoms of decline
He would at length their real cauſe divine;
The folly of this raſh reſolve diſcern
And to his wonted habits ſoon return.
Whoever ſmiles at ſuch a brainleſs elf
May now apply the moral to himſelf.

Nor

Nor are they leſs prepoſterouſly wild
Who by ſuch ſenſeleſs jargon are beguiled.
Since in its verſatile and changeful powers
The body politic reſembles ours:
And while its lighter parts diſſolve in air
The fabric ſtill remains in due repair.
Since forms and uſages may melt away
And ſtatutes imperceptibly decay;
Others adapted to the times ariſe
And freedom lift her banners to the ſkies;
New ſtrength and vigour from the change may gain
And all her vital energy retain.
Let ſtates where arbitrary power prevails
Be influenced by ſuch prepoſterous tales.
Where will is law and all remonſtrance vain;
Where ignorance and tame ſubmiſſion reign;

That

That are by frowning Deſpots overawed;
Founded in violence, upheld by fraud;
Hang o'er their baſe like ſome diſmantled wall,
If even a ſtone were moved the whole muſt fall;
From radical defect have never ſwerved
In hopeleſs uniformity preſerved.
Well might this abject ſtate our thoughts reſtrain:
Where all is wrong 'tis treaſon to complain.
Changes howe'er expedient muſt annoy,
Since to reform the ſtate were to deſtroy.
Thoſe that with genuine liberty are bleſt
When moſt ſecure are not in perfect reſt.
That were the preſage of approaching ill;
They thrive when moved, degenerate when ſtill.
Like the pure wave in circling eddies toſt
Where each putreſcent particle is loſt;

But by the breeze no longer winnowed o'er
With baneful dews infects the neighbouring ſhore.
The germs of virtue quicken in each heart
And through all ranks a generous warmth impart.
That active ſpirit which pervades the whole
Is of politic liberty the ſoul.
Of induſtry and commerce is the ſource
And of all laws ſhould regulate the courſe.
The mind to new atchievements ſtill incites
And ſwells the narrow bound of ſocial rights.
Reſents what with our intereſt diſagrees
And of the ſtate corrects the high decrees.
Have we forgot that memorable hour
When freedom burſting from deſpotic power
Firſt raiſed her ſtandard on the Britiſh coaſt?
The nobleſt feat our hiſtory can boaſt!

The ſtate then proſpered too, and all ſeemed well,
When headlong from his throne the Sovereign fell.
No factious chiefs laid waſte our peaceful plains
Nor of our government aſſumed the reins,
Nor did a ruthleſs mob the land o'erawe
Or drown the voice of juſtice and of law.
No vile uſurpers o'er our heads were placed.
No maſſacres the ſplendid ſcene diſgraced.
Calm and ſerene amidſt a hoſt of foes
With one accord an injured people roſe;
In every act a temperate zeal diſplayed.
Repair the breach that bigot rage had made;
Their trampled laws and liberties reſtore;
And ſhine more great and glorious than before.

END OF THE FIFTY-SIXTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

IF freedom be not ardently deſired
And with the ſenſe of wrongs our boſoms fired,
Nay, if we do not ſtill perſiſt to ſtrain
Each nerve theſe dear-bought bleſſings to maintain,

They

They muſt inevitably waſte away
And the high fabric fall to ſwift decay.
If like the reaſoners of this laggart age
Our anceſtors had curbed their noble rage,
And vainly deemed, with wealth and power elate,
No change were e'er eſſential to the ſtate,
Or from the dread of ills that might enſue
Pauſed o'er the ſacrifice to freedom due,
Had not this brilliant deſtiny we boaſt
Even by the meaſures ye commend been loſt?
Ye would have found, alas! full cauſe to grieve.
Bewailed a loſs no time could e'er retrieve.
Wept o'er the ſufferings of a beggared land.
Curſt the ſupineneſs of that ſervile band,
Who could have compromiſed on terms like theſe
And bartered freedom for a moment's eaſe.

Have

Have learnt to feel beneath the Tyrant's ſcourge
How wide ſuch maxims from all ſenſe diverge;
And thought this wiſe reform that now ye blame
A ſubject worthy of immortal fame.
Such ever is the ſervile cant of thoſe
Who would in amaranthine bowers repoſe,
Who never look beyond the preſent hour,
Nor care what tempeſts o'er our heads may lower,
What may preſerve the ſtate or what deſtroy,
While they their own peculiar eaſe enjoy.
I hear the language of the treacherous crew,
" All now is well. Why then thoſe ſcenes renew,
" Howe'er approved in generations paſt
" Which may the general happineſs o'ercaſt?
" That form of government we ne'er can blame
" Which leads to ſuch vaſt heights of wealth and fame.

" Then

" Then reſt ſecure. Your patriot zeal reſtrain
" And what all nations envy ſtill maintain."
So ſung the Syrens when Laertes' ſon
Betwixt the fatal rocks his navy run:
But faſt the hero to the maſt was bound
Nor dared to liſten to the magic ſound.
So oft in error's maze the truth we find;
So right and wrong with ſubtle art are joined.
But yet this Gordian knot we muſt untie;
Even through the veil of candour trace the lie.
A taſk beneath the dignity of man,
That ſcorns ſuch deſpicable ſhifts to ſcan;
Which though the wiſe contemn, the weak may blind.
Such pleas, methinks, were anſwered beſt in kind.
" All is not well. The baſe begins to reel
" And foul corruption ſaps the common weal.

" Depravity

" Depravity advances every hour
" And paves the way to arbitrary power.
" Thoſe very laws on which we moſt depend
" Are ſtill perverted to ſome private end.
" Britons awake! ere yet it be too late;
" Your vigilance alone can ſave the ſtate.
" Thoſe who would ſoothe your fears, your hopes inflame,
" Teach ye that laws ſhould ever be the ſame,
" Who would perſuade you freedom is ſecure,
" But ſtrive to render its deſtruction ſure."
Yet to whichever ſide we may incline,
Whatever good or evil we divine
Or by what prejudice ſoe'er allured,
Of this at leaſt we all may reſt aſſured,
Whether the party or the ſtate we ſerve,
Conſummate prudence can alone preſerve.

Oft

Oft betwixt wild extremes opinions veer;
But truth delights a middle courſe to ſteer.
Were the moſt perfect liberty enjoyed,
Had ills, though ſorely feared, not yet annoyed,
The Patriot ſtill ſhould to his poſt repair
And guard the public weal with anxious care.
As if his own were menaced ſhould awake
Or life depended on the glorious ſtake.
The more invincible the ills we fear
Still the more active ſhould our zeal appear.
Still with the preſent if we would be free
The proſpect of the future ſhould agree.
Which, though in practice they have been disjoined,
In theory have ever been combined.
With what in times to come may be our fate
We ſtill ſhould compromiſe our preſent ſtate;

Fly

Fly to our arms though threatened from afar
As if already plunged in actual war;
So from the approach of deſpot power recede
As if beneath the knife condemned to bleed.
Nor think ſuch maxims are the ſubtle ſtore
Of jeſuitic wit, or pedant lore,
The tales of dotard age, or dreaming youth;
They are the words of ſoberneſs and truth;
And to ſubſtantial happineſs redound;
Nor was a ſtate of freedom ever found
In which this golden chain we might not trace,
That holds the future bound in ſtrict embrace.
Such is the eſſential character of all
On which this choiceſt boon of fate may fall.
If this ſecurity begin to fail
What can our envied liberties avail.

In what diſtinguiſhed from the deſpot ſtate,
That for a time may boaſt the happieſt fate,
Where peace and plenty deck the cultured plains,
Or where an Antonine or Titus reigns.
Thus, thus alone can freedom be defined:
Nor the fair guerdon can we hope to find,
Unleſs with conſtant ardour we purſue
And from the ſpecious can diſcern the true.
Not wait until thoſe miſchiefs be diſplayed
That may our own peculiar rights invade;
But rouze at once and loyally expoſe
The little embryos of politic woes;
Impreſs the treacherous ſlave with awful fear
Who dares to ſport with all that is moſt dear;
Watch every ſtorm that o'er our heads may lower
And mould events while yet within our power.

The Patriot embraces every part
And has of all alike the good at heart.
Diſtinguiſhes the truth from vain ſurmiſe
And learns from paſt diſaſters to be wiſe.
Surveys the future with prophetic eye
And in ſuſpicion finds reality.
Theſe are the maxims of politic truth,
Which can preſerve the ſtate in plight and youth;
To which all freemen ſhould direct their aim.
The probable and real are the ſame.
Do then the occurrences we now deplore
Affect our rights? will they affect them more?
Or are they ſuch as we have cauſe to fear?
If this be owned, the inference is clear.

END OF THE FIFTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-EIGHTH CANTO.

YET ſome there are, who void of ſenſe and ſhame,
Still plead the beggared cauſe, and thus exclaim:
"Show me theſe wrongs. They are not mine nor thine:
"If then we proſper, why ſhould we repine?"

As

As well might one beneath the ſervile reign
Of Cyrus, Alexander, Charlemagne,
Or the firſt Cæſar, Rome's all-conquering lord,
Who drenched in human blood the thirſty ſword,
Exclaim ere yet the approaching ſtorms were near,
"Since the ſtate proſpers what have we to fear?"
The cautious uſe of arbitrary ſway,
The want of equal laws, can ill repay.
Nor can the pomp of wealth, the ſplendid name
Atone the ſacrifice of honeſt fame:
Nor ſhould we praiſe a ſecondary good
Till what it coſt be clearly underſtood.
How few when even Tyrants rule the land
That actually have felt their iron hand!
How very few amidſt the worſt extreme
Of oppoſition to the power ſupreme,

Nay,

Nay, in thoſe inſtances we moſt commend,
That their own lives or properties defend!
Though ſafe ourſelves when others are oppreſt
Still the wound rankles in each generous breaſt.
The ableſt champions of the public cauſe,
Even thoſe who moſt have reverenced the laws,
Through every age with noble ardour fired
Have others freedom as their own deſired.
Though but the ſmalleſt portion were diſſolved
Have felt their deareſt intereſts involved.
What patience to ſuch idle tales can liſt!
Be well aſſured, that dangers may exiſt,
May be in general effects perceived,
Although no ſingle ſubject be aggrieved.
Who ſees an arrow levelled at his breaſt
Though far removed would ſcarcely be at reſt.

Or

Or who of diſtant earthquakes hears the ſhock
Would ſleep ſecure beneath the impending rock.
Nay, thoſe that moſt affect the common weal,
The general objects of politic zeal,
That to the ſtate peculiarly belong,
May far eclipſe an individual wrong.
More elevated thoughts, more generous ſtrains,
Might well become a land where freedom reigns.
Why ſhould thoſe ills that may our rights deſtroy
Be dreaded leſs than thoſe that life annoy?
When theſe no more are weighed in equal ſcale
Well may prophetic fears our hearts aſſail.
Say, are thoſe laws that each eſtate disjoin
And all within their proper ſphere confine,
Are they leſs valued, leſs our rights, than thoſe
On which our meaneſt intereſts repoſe?

Thoſe

Thoſe that ſecure the freedom of the preſs
Or the religious doctrines we profeſs
When in no wiſe pernicious to the ſtate
Or frequent Parliaments or free debate,
The independence of our choice uphold
Or check the baneful influence of gold,
That the revenues of the ſtate control
Or make each part ſubſervient to the whole,
Are theſe not rights that we may all demand?
Are they leſs dear than monies, herds, or land?
To thoſe by nature formed to think and feel,
The leaſt infringement of the public weal
Muſt as their own peculiar loſs appear,
Since it involves all that they moſt revere.
If once our public rights begin to fail
What can this little ſpan of life avail?

Or if by chance or treacherous arts o'erthrown
Who then dares call the air he breathes his own?
Theſe wilful incompliances of ſtate,
This unconcern for all that's good or great,
Whatever fears from other cauſes riſe,
Is not the leaſt of our calamities:
And if to future times they ſhould extend
Muſt in its utter diſſolution end.
Nor can a ſingle reaſon e'er be found,
If we perceive that all is calm around
Nor of rebellion fear the gathering ſtorm,
Why any moderate ſyſtem of reform
That may the outworks of the ſtate repair
And cleanſe the obnoxious weeds that harbour there,
Should not with generous ardour be received,
And to the utmoſt of our power atchieved.

Or why the few who have ſuch ſchemes propoſed
Should ſtill to public odium be expoſed;
Still eyed with looks aſkance and viſage ſour;
Save the enormous thirſt of wealth and power,
The abject meanneſs of that ſervile crew,
Who for ſome paltry end, ſome ſelfiſh view
Are pleaſed to ſee our jealouſies increaſe
And ſap the very baſe of public peace,
To ſee corruption mine her treacherous way,
(The happy prelude of deſpotic ſway!)
Nor care though ruin ſhould o'erwhelm us all
So to their ſhare ſome ſplendid fragment fall.
So the wild ſchemes ſucceed to which they truſt
Would ſee our laws and charters laid in duſt.
Who like the vermin that infeſt our plains
Find in our loſs the ſource of all their gains.

Or thoſe more fell in human garb arrayed,
When on the treacherous coaſt ſome wreck is laid,
Who hear well pleaſed the drowning ſeamen's cries
And view the raging ſurf with tranquil eyes;
Withhold that aid their wretched ſtate demands;
And while to Heaven they lift their trembling hands
Strive to augment the horrors of their fate,
And ſnatch the floating ſpoils with joy elate;
While burſting cataracts the deep deform
Thank the rich wave, and bleſs the ruthleſs ſtorm.
If all on earth beſpeaks perpetual change
That laws ſhould be exempt were ſurely ſtrange,
If it be true that thoſe have been repealed
That with the blood of thouſands have been ſealed,
That on maturer thought, on ampler ground
Have moſt pernicious and unjuſt been found,

May

May not in all that juſtice be diſplayed
That from the preſſure of the times are made,
That riſe as our emergencies require,
And as the reaſon fails the law expire?
What fatal overſights may lurk unſeen
That may the good oppreſs, the bad may ſcreen!
That every end of juſtice may defeat,
And be the legal ſanction of a cheat!
How are the nobleſt ſubject to decay!
How oft to proſtitution point the way!
Thoſe that through time our freedom ſhould ſecure
The o'erwhelming influence of power enſure.
Though moſt in ſingle inſtances diſplayed
Yet may this grand defect the whole pervade.
The general object of the wiſeſt laws
That ever have been framed in freedom's cauſe,

The inſidious arts of traitors may illude,
When through a ſeries of years purſued.
Till nations, loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame,
Virtue and liberty at once diſclaim.
Renounce themſelves the honours of their race,
And become parties to their own diſgrace.
Till all the ends of deſpot power are gained
And all the forms of freedom ſtill retained.
If nought but laws our liberties enſure
Are we amidſt corruption then ſecure?
If it be needful they ſhould be upheld,
That oppoſition ſhould by force be quelled,
That each defect be purged, each latent flaw,
Much more the evaſion that defeats the law.
What changes may be traced from year to year!
How maxims, characters, opinions veer!

What

What now the unlettered vulgar ſcarce believe
In periods paſt might even the wiſe deceive.
How oft politic errors we deplore!
And grievances ariſe unfelt before!
What ſtrange abuſes ſtrike our wondering eyes!
What fearful hazards warn us to be wiſe!
Statutes one age have rigorouſly purſued
The next by pious perjuries elude.
Nay, even thoſe that have in blood been traced
Succeeding Senates have with ſhame effaced.
Nor yet from theſe alone may we deduce
Of ſeaſonable change the ſovereign uſe,
Nor general rules in jeſuitic ſtrain
From ſcattered inſtances ſhould we maintain.
But I would aſk theſe advocates for power
If from the acceſſion to the preſent hour

Eſſential changes have not oft occurred?
And if it may not fairly be inferred
But for the vigilance we have diſplayed,
The noble ſtand that patriot zeal has made,
(Which neither frowns could awe nor ſmiles ſeduce)
Againſt the ſhameleſs champions of abuſe
Our rights had dwindled to a mimic ſhow?
'Tis to ourſelves alone theſe rights we owe.
If we ſhould not have rued the fatal day
When by ſuch phantoms we were led aſtray
And on ambition dropt the ſlackened rein,
Slid back to arbitrary power again,
And learnt perchance theſe leſſons to our coſt
When even the forms of liberty were loſt?
If in one reign ſuch miſchiefs may accrue
Let us to diſtant times extend our view.

How

How much more juſt ſuch vigilance appears
'Mid countleſs reigns and yet unnumbered years!
If once ſuch abject thoughts the ſtate pervade
Our rights from that curſt moment are betrayed.
Our hopeful dawn is ſunk in endleſs night.
A long farewell to all that's juſt and right!

END OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE FIFTY-NINTH CANTO.

'TIS the peculiar of power to riſe
Beyond thoſe bounds allotted by the wiſe;
And when to men of narrow views conſigned
Has ever been the ſcourge of human kind.

Still

Still ſeeks inferior orders to enthrall
And mounted to its height, aſpires to fall.
Even as the torrent turns the purling rill
And bends oppoſing currents to his will,
With ſtill increaſing force delights to roll
Till in himſelf he contemplates the whole,
Through interpoſing barriers mines his way,
Then ſinks impervious to the eye of day;
Down the ſteep gulf in foaming eddies toſt
Amidſt the havoc he has made is loſt.
Say, what could even a Sultan wiſh or chooſe
More favourable to deſpotic views
Than this obſequious ſpirit, that diſdains
To calculate our loſſes or our gains,
That cures the evil with a ſovereign ſpell,
And if the patient thrive, cries "all is well!"

Well

Well may the tools of power, the imps of pride,
Theſe ever-wakeful jealouſies deride;
And ſubſtitute ſuch maxims in their ſtead,
That ſhould a weak or wicked Prince ſucceed,
Might ſpare the hazard to conſpire our ruin
And make us parties to our own undoing.
A more effectual way could ſcarce be found
All juſt diſcrimination to confound
And quench each ſpark of freedom in the breaſt.
On every mind this truth ſhould be impreſt,
That if we once ſhould ceaſe our wrongs to feel
Or loſe our intereſt in the common weal,
Should we renounce the indubitable right
To expoſe the treacherous ſchemes of power to light,
To guard our liberties with watchful eyes
And canvaſs public meaſures as they riſe,

To judge, to ſpeak, to write, and to complain,
Appeal, remonſtrate o'er and o'er again,
With univerſal clamours rend their ears,
And fill their daſtard ſouls with chilling fears
Who would by violence or fraud invade
Thoſe rights for which our choiceſt blood has paid,
Nay, even to aſſociate in the cauſe
Of menaced freedom and invaded laws,
And in the moſt decided tone exact
The full performance of our juſt compact,
If ſo the emergence of the caſe requires,
To dare do all that ſober ſenſe inſpires,
If once this Argus of the ſtate ſhould doze,
If once this grand palladium we ſhould loſe,
Whate'er of wealth or traffic we may boaſt
Our freedom is irrevocably loſt.

And I muſt add that in this venal age
When toys and rattles even the wiſe engage,
When veering patriots their cauſe betray
And endleſs verſatilities diſplay,
When bribery towers to this enormous height
And ſaps the very bulwarks of the ſtate,
The man who harps on ſuch prepoſterous pleas,
Counſels when danger calls ignoble eaſe,
Who when the enemy is at the gate
Talks of our growing wealth, our envied fate,
Who would this paſſive conduct recommend,
Can never be his own or country's friend.
True liberty is action not repoſe;
From conſtant vigilance that bleſſing flows.
'Tis at this moderate price that we obtain
What each ſucceſſive age has toiled to gain.

Let

Let neither bribes nor threats your minds unnerve;
The ſpirit that acquired it muſt preſerve.
The longer we delay the needful change
The more the general peace we muſt derange,
If to their priſtine form we would reſtore
Thoſe liberties that we enjoyed before.
We then may find that to reform a ſtate
The nobleſt efforts may arrive too late;
That liberty recedes as we purſue
And like a phantom only mocks our view.
Find every ſcheme of bliſs our hearts preſage
In anarchy abſorbed and rancorous rage.
Woe be to thoſe who have in evil hour,
By treacherous arts, acquired deſpotic power!
Who found on intrigue a precarious ſway,
Nor look beyond the triumph of a day!

Nor

Nor by example warned nor awed by fear
Still fondly deem no danger can be near!
Intoxicated ſtill with vain applauſe
Diſtinguiſh from their own the public cauſe!
In troops and navies place their proud reſource
And drown all clamours in ſuperior force!
Senates and chieftains to their ends ſeduce
And drain their ſubjects to promote abuſe!
Even of the labouring poor the pittance ſtrain
The ſchemes of wild ambition to maintain!
From univerſal patronage extort
For arbitrary will a frail ſupport!
A general poiſon through the ſtate diffuſe
Subſervient to the moſt abandoned views!
With pertinacious zeal our rights invade
And triumph in the miſchief they have made!

Diſſolve

Diſſolve all ties, betray their plighted troth
And heap up vengeance for the day of wrath!
Who to ſuch ever varying ſhifts are prone
That from the culprit ſcarce the Judge is known;
Diſcordant principles ſo ſtrangely blend
That the moſt uſeful laws defeat their end;
By gradual inroads ſhake the glorious pile;
And ſtill with ſpecious words our fears beguile;
Until at length by hideous rents defaced,
Unwieldy props and buttreſſes diſgraced
That can no more ſuſtain the baſeleſs walls,
By its own weight the cumbrous ruin falls.
How ſtrange that thoſe who have the moſt to loſe
Should be the firſt their intereſts to expoſe!
Who have the ſtrongeſt reaſons to ſecure
Should make that ground on which they ſtand unſure!

That

That they who moſt of factious rage complain
Themſelves the cauſe of faction ſhould maintain!
Politic anathems ſhould ſcatter round
That in their conſciences ſo oft reſound!
What pity, that no friend to their repoſe
Should to their eyes with manly zeal expoſe,
'Mid the long liſt of their exceptious parts,
That they themſelves by their perfidious arts
More perilous than thoſe even rebels plan,
To God muſt anſwer, and perchance to man!
But though we ſhould avoid each factious ſnare,
Preſerve the public peace with anxious care
Nor ere our rights are menaced ſhould complain,
Yet if the cauſe be juſt that we maintain
Or the exiſtence of the ſtate involves
'Twere baſeneſs to renounce our fixed reſolves.

And

And be this truth neglected to our coſt,
That if one particle of power be loſt
That ſhould remain excluſively our own,
Or ſwell the increaſing influence of the Crown,
If Senates to that influence ſhould bend
Who can alone our chartered rights defend,
The government no longer were the ſame;
Nor could the glare of wealth conceal our ſhame.
At paſt events 'twere folly to be grieved,
Or to prognoſticate what is atchieved.

END OF THE FIFTY-NINTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE SIXTIETH CANTO.

IF to the preſent age we would confine
Our liberties 'twere needleſs to repine;
Since while the outlines of the ſtate remain
Some ſecret dread exceſſes may reſtrain;

Nor

Nor may thoſe ſtorms we fear the realm o'ercaſt
For the ſhort term at leaſt our lives may laſt.
As we might proſper on the Crater's brow
As well as in the peaceful vales below:
Or ply our toil by the declining ſun
As if his radiant courſe were juſt begun.
But if we wiſh our freedom to endure
And through ſucceſſive ages ſtand ſecure,
Its vital principle we muſt reſtore
And ſpread the ſacred flame from ſhore to ſhore.
Nor let the tinſel glare of wit deride
The choſen few who liſt on virtue's ſide.
Nor the vain babble of each brainleſs youth
Confound the dictates of ſubſtantial truth,
That I, the firſt in love, though leaſt in fame
Of all who would exalt the Britiſh name,

Through

Through error's maze have laboured to purſue;
And would with well-meant zeal expoſe to view.
And with a poet's fire and prophet's ken
Perpetuate the happineſs of men.
All we prognoſticate of future woes
A few more fleeting years will ſoon diſcloſe.
For nought of eaſe or peace we may enjoy
Theſe ſober inferences can deſtroy.
Although through diſtant times our wealth ſhould thrive,
Although no fatal accident arrive,
Yet not one jot of what is here rehearſed,
Not even one ſyllable, would be reverſed.
Or we have reached, unconſcious of our fate,
The final diſſolution of the ſtate,
Or prudence has corrected deſpot rage
And paſt experience reformed the age.

But

But of all ills with which a ſtate is curſt
Licenſe and anarchy are ſure the worſt.
If at this price our rights muſt be enſured
'Twere better far ſome wrongs ſhould be endured.
The mereſt forms of liberty excel
That hopeleſs ſtate at which all hearts rebel.
If at a tyrant's nod we needs muſt bend
'Twere better one than tyrants without end;
Here acts of lawleſs power may be diſplayed
But there perpetual wrongs our peace invade.
'Twere better that a hundred lives ſhould fall
Than one wide vortex ſhould encircle all.
Though we its tarniſhed honour would redeem
The legiſlature ſhould remain ſupreme.
Though their evaſive pleas we juſtly blame
Who would eternalize their country's ſhame,

Of

Of the moſt needful change pervert the uſe
And place their refuge in the worſt abuſe,
Our ancient ſpirit ſtill we ſhould retain,
And this beſt form of government maintain.
As ſickneſs dims the eye's ecſtatic ray
Or ſulphurous vapors tinge the face of day,
So of our ſtate the blemiſhes appear
And all the charms they hide the more endear;
But purged of its defects more pure will riſe
And charm from age to age our wondering eyes.
Though of this faded form no fault we ſpare,
And would the ravages of time repair,
Each latent flaw, each hideous blot efface,
Yet the ſubſtantial part we all muſt praiſe.
The ſureſt proof of zeal for what we love
Is to inculcate what may moſt improve.

If we would ſtill preſerve our ancient forms
We muſt adopt a ſeries of reforms.
'Tis highly needful for the public good
That theſe diſtinctions ſhould be underſtood.
But thoſe who moſt the Patriot's wiſh oppoſe
And brood delighted o'er their country's woes
Who patronize thoſe miſchiefs we deplore,
Still with the droſs confound the genuine ore;
As if the groſſer parts could not be changed
But the whole maſs muſt be at once deranged.
To what muſt every honeſt heart revive,
Their fears are ſtill moſt feelingly alive.
Who lure us with the hopes of promiſed bliſs
And Judas-like betray us with a kiſs.
Deſert thoſe very intereſts they defend,
And truth and falſhood ſo confus'dly blend

That ere we can detect the ſpecious cheat,
Still for themſelves ſecure a ſnug retreat.
But though no tongue could charm, no treacherous ſmile
Could ſoothe our wiſhes or our fears beguile,
No argument from what we ſtill enjoy
This patriot circumſpection could deſtroy,
Yet ſhould we ſtill preſerve with anxious zeal
The genuine baſis of the public weal.
Nor let our ardent longings after change
The ground-work of the ſtate in aught derange.
A ſudden tranſport, an intemperate heat
Might every end that we propoſe defeat.
And far more formidable ills produce
Than all theſe varied ſyſtems of abuſe.
But ſince it is the ſpirit of our laws
That we ſhould ne'er renounce our country's cauſe,

That

That we our ſolid intereſts ſhould purſue
Nor crouch to the caprices of a few,
Nor to ſuch obſolete reſtrictions bend
That to no uſeful purpoſe e'er can tend,
That we ſhould every liberty enjoy
Save that which may the public peace annoy,
Or with our general welfare diſagree,
As their own thoughts that Britons ſhould be free,
To perſevere with temperance moſt ſerene
And cautious hand this complicated ſcene
Of manifeſt injuſtice to correct,
At once eradicate each foul defect
That general indignation may inſpire,
Were to preſerve the government entire.
Such partial change were univerſal good.
The canker from the tree we ſhould exclude.

The

The blight repel, prune each redundant ſhoot,
If we would ſtill enjoy the golden fruit.
But if the barbarous rage of frantic Gaul
With dire preſages ſhould our minds appal,
If even from rational reform we fear
The ſame exceſſes may be practiſed here,
Let us by unperceived degrees proceed,
By paſt experience our courſe aread,
Our antient code more cautiouſly reſume
Than we of captives would reverſe the doom.
Employ a longer period to renew
Than ever was required to form a new.
The firſt attempt will then all doubts decide
And every riſque of anarchy deride,
The ſubtle pleas of tyranny diſperſe
And all her dreadful propheſies reverſe.

No man on earth can this plain truth refute
But quibble muſt for reaſon ſubſtitute;
Muſt by the very roots our laws uprend;
Expoſe whom he profeſſes to defend;
But muſt promote that anarchy we ſhun;
That wild exceſs to which the Gaul has run
As a mere ſtalking horſe of ſtate employ
The freedom of his country to deſtroy.
If this event be of all truth the teſt,
The only precedent on which we reſt,
Let us at leaſt to our own text be true
And all that it ſuggeſts alike purſue.
Nor Jeſuit-like the precedent divide,
To take the part that with our views may ſide.
But as theſe Gallic frenzies we oppoſe
Reform the abuſes too from whence they roſe.

But

But if not even the leaſt attempt be made,
If Premier's ſtill the Patriot's wiſh evade;
And ſpurn with ſuch unalterable phlegm,
The miſchiefs that enſue muſt reſt with them.
As well might they at once all doubt diſpel
And an inſulted people plainly tell,
That every plan and project they diſown
But ſuch as ſwell the influence of the Crown.
That none are ſafe but what their hopes allure
Nor hazardous but what our rights ſecure.
Shall this dread warning, this tremendous ſcourge,
Of tottering empires the terrific dirge,
That ſhould our moſt peculiar care engage
And to reflection rouze the ſlumbering age,
But plunge us in thoſe crimes from whence they roſe?
Teach us with ſhameleſs rigour to oppoſe,

And ſtrengthen with new pleas the patriot band,
Who would at every riſque reform the land?
Who principles unwarily purſue
That are moſt conſtitutionally true?
Such policy may cabinets beſeem
But ſure of folly is the worſt extreme.
But what have Miniſters, alas! to fear
With hireling ſquadrons hovering in the rear?
Who, ſhould the ſtate on this grand point divide,
To their content at leaſt would ſoon decide.
What bleſt effects may from alliance flow
We then from ſad experience ſhall know.
But too prolix theſe maxims muſt appear
That have ſo long detained each liſtening ear.
'Tis of all taſks the hardeſt to convince
As theſe weak efforts may perchance evince.

'Tis

'Tis of all taſks the moſt tremendous far
To calm of error the contentious jar,
To pierce the deep receſſes of the ſoul,
Her rooted prejudices to control,
Rouze the lethargic, the impetuous bind,
That can to human reaſon be aſſigned.
If with the forms of logick we diſpenſe
'Tis but to chain the more each wavering ſenſe.
Were we to found our hopes on mere diſpute
'Twere vain politic errors to confute;
Scarce to the laſt our patience we ſhould keep,
But ſoon to ſyllogiſtic meaſures ſleep.
Mine be the taſk, with honeſt ardour fired,
If not by art, at leaſt by truth inſpired,
To ſerve my country even in fortune's ſpite,
And to the public treaſure add my mite.

In humble ſtrains, my humbler powers to exert,
And more by facts than ſophiſtries convert.
To expoſe the good we ſacrifice to view
The inevitable ills that muſt enſue,
If deaf at length to reaſon's warning voice
We ſanctify abuſes by our choice.
To anticipate the cavils wit may raiſe,
Whoſe puny efforts oft obſtruct the blaze
Of modeſt truth and ſenſe the moſt refined
That ever flaſhed conviction on the mind.
Thoſe truths on which our happineſs depends,
Where the leaſt error to deſtruction tends,
Pardon, if on your patience I intrude,
Can never be too clearly underſtood.

END OF THE SIXTIETH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE SIXTY-FIRST CANTO.

So ſpake the God, and vaniſhed from their view.
Nor yet from this tumultuous world withdrew,
But loitering ſtill amongſt the ſons of men
Unheeded paſſed the crowded ſtreets again.

Now to politic reaſoning conſecrate
Amidſt a ſpacious Hall attentive ſat;
Where whilſt loud plaudits o'er the Aſſembly ran
The throned Preſident his ſpeech began:
Mirrors of learning and of ſenſe refined!
Ye Guardians of the intereſts of mankind!
Who by no reſtleſs paſſions e'er beguiled,
But liberal, clear, diſintereſted, mild,
Have oft ſecluded here at midnight hour
Drank bold defiance to deſpotic power;
And what may to our country's good redound
'Midſt Bacchanalian roar have haply found.
What grand diſcoveries have here been made!
What captivating eloquence diſplayed!
Here by no vulgar prejudice controled,
Great Nature's ſecret page we have unrolled;

Things

Things that no mortal ever dreamt revealed;
From the firſt origin of time concealed.
Of Monarchs even the moſt propitious reign
Is now of human happineſs the bane.
To thoſe who would their governments annoy
And the ſweet peace their ſubjects boaſt deſtroy,
Who to the ground their palaces would raze,
Ye wiſely have decreed unbounded praiſe.
The wretched Negro is no more a man
But Slavery an equitable plan.
Fair Virtue from her ancient throne is driven
And hoodwinked Faith points out the way to Heaven.
That which no human being can command
Muſt of the powers of Hell the rage withſtand;
Of conſcious guilt expunge the mortal taint
And on the Hypocrite engraft the Saint.

Thus

Thus are theſe phantoms that the crowd decoyed,
Religion and Morality deſtroyed.
Freedom muſt in equality be found.
Subordination is an empty ſound,
And Anarchy the happieſt ſtate on earth.
Great ſource of talents and of patriot worth!
That in the ſtorm ſtill moſt conſpicuous ſhine.
Rebellion, of origin divine!
Let us, my friends, thus valiantly proceed;
Nor from the poſt of honour ere recede.
But while exotic errors we diſown
Shall we implicitly receive our own?
To Superſtition's fairy tales deſcend
And the vain boaſt of ages paſt defend?
No, never let us quit this glorious field
Till prejudice to truth ſubmiſſive yield.

But

But ſtill urge home the blow, in ſpite of all
That may our country or ourſelves befall;
The rights of man progreſſively diſplay
Till havock be the order of the day.
Shall we like Cowards from our banners run?
Let practice crown what theory begun.
We then from theſe aërial heights may bend
And to inſtruct the ignorant condeſcend;
Or range the earth with apoſtolic zeal
And purge with wholeſome laws the general weal.
But ere ſo wide our patriot cares expand
We muſt regenerate our native land.
"How we may beſt reform the Britiſh State?"
This evening is the ſubject of debate.
Thus ſpake their Chief. Portentous ſilence reigns!
A univerſal panic chills their veins!

For now, with clamors loud, the roofs reſound;
When caſting their aſtoniſhed eyes around,
The ruthleſs Magiſtrates, in front appear,
With poles, and ſtaves, and bludgeons in the rear.
Who for a while in mute ſuſpicion wait;
Intrepid Guardians of the menaced State!
The perſevering Champion of reform,
Who from afar perceives the coming ſtorm
And through the crowd precipitately flies,
Evades of the Police the ſearching eyes.
Throughout the Hall not even a word is ſaid,
But panic terrors ſtill all minds pervade!
When one, with more engaging manners bleſt,
Thus with facetious air his Peers addreſt:
Whilſt others to embroil the realm contend
Be ours, the nobler project to defend.

The high affairs of State belong to thoſe
Our gracious Prince has for his Council choſe;
Who o'er a grateful land their bleſſings ſhower
And deign with lenity to temper power.
What ſurer proofs of providential care
Than of ſeditious projects to beware,
And check the growth of that diſtempered zeal
That uproar would beneath reform conceal?
The theme that muſt to-night our thoughts employ,
Such virtuous Miniſters will ſcarce annoy;
Since conſcious guilt can ne'er their peace moleſt,
Or crimes diſturb the ſunſhine of their breaſt!
" Are the ſtrange tales from ages paſt received
Of Demons, Sprites and Ghoſts to be believed?"
The Miniſters of Juſtice ſoon withdrew;
The reſt, with hearts at eaſe, their theme purſue.

END OF THE SIXTY-FIRST CANTO.

THE TRAVELS OF CYLLENIUS.

THE SIXTY-SECOND CANTO.

FORTH from their murky cells the Spirits riſe
And fiery Dragons ſtream through all the ſkies:
O'er earth and main the Witches ſpeed their way
And with portentous charms eclipſe the day.

The murdered Victim rears his bloody head
And the rent monuments eject their dead:
Infuriate Fiends o'er maddening whirlwinds ſweep
And ſhrieking Ghoſts glide o'er the boiſterous deep.
The avenging bolt from Heaven's high vault is hurled,
And ſulphurous vapours taint the wholeſome world.
All that our legendary Bards ſupply
To draw the trembling tear from fancy's eye
Or hiſtory records of ages paſt,
In one collected view is here amaſſed.
Of Brutus the prognoſticated doom.
Who muſing ſat, in midnight's deepeſt gloom,
While flufhed with ſanguine hopes his legions wait
Of freedom to decide the doubtful fate.
The general Camp is ſtill. The lights burn blue.
Great Cæſar's image riſes full in view!

With

With pallid cheek, and robes beſmeared with blood,
Before the aſtoniſhed Chief terrific ſtood.
"Say what thou art?" the fearleſs Patriot cries.
"Thy evil ſpirit, Brutus," he replies:
And whilſt he at Philippi bodes deſpair,
Too ſurely promiſes, to meet him there.
And the deep terrors of deſerted Saul;
By his own hand compelled at length to fall.
Who journeying ſad by the Moon's glimmering ray
Towards Endor bends his melancholy way;
To learn the truth of what his fears forebode;
Of Demons learn, forſaken by his God.
The fatal door he paſſed: the Hag complies,
Then ſtartled, ſhrieks; and turns her ſickening eyes
When Samuel's Ghoſt appeared. "Ah, woe is me!
Thou haſt deceived me, King! for thou art he."

Environed

Environed with woes, aghaſt he ſtood.
Hurled from his throne! his country drenched with blood!
Nor ſcarce dares turn his haggard eyes around;
Then fainting falls extended on the ground.
All ſuſtenance, though even revived, diſdains
But ſeeks in death a refuge from his pains.
And ſcenes of latter days, authentic held;
By many a mighty Potentate beheld;
Where ſhades have been to mortal eyes diſcloſed
That in the arms of death had long repoſed,
By charms that break the grave's eternal ſleep
Or Spirits ſummoned from the boundleſs deep.
Of Him, who ſealed by the attempt his fate,
As many a living witneſs can relate,
The all-commanding wand and potent ſpell
That at his pleaſure rouzed the Ghoſts from Hell.

Within

Within an ancient Caſtle's mouldering walls
At midnight hour, a choſen band he calls;
Who doubt ſuch powers a Mortal can poſſeſs;
And ſtudiouſly prohibits all egreſs.
In ſtated order firſt, his friends diſpoſed,
Then all around, the magic circle cloſed,
And Chiefs, to their aſtoniſhed eyes diſplayed
That in the grave for ages had been laid.
Through the waſte Hall their griſly ſpectres glide,
And every lingering doubt at once decide.
The crowd amazed, and ſtiff with horror glare!
Or fired with rage, or ſunk in deep deſpair,
As to their view ſucceſſively appear
The objects of their hate, remorſe, or fear.
Whilſt ſome regardleſs of their word aſſail,
But fixed at once, their ſpeech and vigor fail;

By the ſtrong charm inextricably bound;
And the drawn ſword falls uſeleſs to the ground.
But when, ere day's firſt dawn, the phantoms fled,
The raſh Magician bowed his proſtrate head;
And ſpread ſuch terrors through the ſcattered train
As on their memories ſtill impreſt remain.
Of once profane Tyrone, the recent ſhade;
Who mindful of the compact he had made,
Towards the well-known bed directs his way
Where Beresford in pride of beauty lay;
And bore, whilſt heavenly ſplendors round him ſhine,
The ſolemn evidence of truths divine.
Cloſe by her ſide the phantom takes his ſeat;
Whilſt her chilled heart with deep-felt terrors beat,
And through her veins the vital ſtreams ran cold.
Of her ſucceeding life the ſtory told:

And warned her to repent, by Heaven's command.
Then gently preſt, on her's, his outſtretched hand,
And left there, that indubitable trace
Which all the art of man could ne'er efface.
At early dawn, ſhe raving leaves her bed
And finds, whom ſhe had ſeen at eve, was dead.
Each circumſtance that marked the wonderous theme
Which, ſhe would fain ſuppoſe, were but a dream
That had her wayward fancy led aſtray,
Chimes with the experience of the wakeful day.
And all that happened to her lateſt hour
Affords new proofs of his ſupernal power.
Or whilſt the ſeeds of thoſe diſſentions roſe
That ſpread o'er Europe ſuch unnumbered woes,
The Maid, who poſting through the ſhades of night,
As Cynthia withdraws her trembling light,

Perceives

Perceives one pluck her garment as ſhe paſt,
And ſtruck with panic terror, ſtands aghaſt!
When turning, ſhe beheld a Youth, who cries
As on the heavens he fixed his eager eyes,
"See, the Moon rocks, and hideous forms appear!"
Intent ſhe gazed, half dead with chilling fear:
And o'er its crimſon orb, ſees Armies glare,
And ſail innumerable through the air.
At her return, the dreadful omen told;
But who the Youth might be, could ne'er unfold.
Though the ſame ſcenes, whatever they denote,
At places from each other far remote,
By ſome ſtrange form, the ſhades of night concealed,
And at the ſelf-ſame hour, had been revealed.
And that diſaſtrous ſcene of Britain's ſhame
Her boaſtful foes triumphantly proclaim,

Where

Where Hoſier's intrepid crew were loſt,
That nightly howl upon the deſert coaſt;
And thoſe that with enthuſiaſtic grief
Find in their midnight walks ſome ſad relief;
Or of the dead pervade the awful gloom,
By hollow voices anſwered from the tomb.
Or who beneath the Ruffian's ſcourge have bled
When in captivity defenceleſs led;
Or long have languiſhed on the boiſterous tide
And on ſome foreign ſhore unpitied died;
Whoſe reſtleſs ſpirits oft forſake the grave
Their ſufferings to reveal, or children ſave.
Or who in battle were untimely ſlain,
Or ſunk beneath the horrors of the main;
(Like the diſſembled form, that at the bed
Of poor Halcyon reared his bloodleſs head,

When in Hemonian Trachis ſhe deplored
The adventurous courage of her abſent Lord,
And ſtarting from her ſleep in wild deſpair
Stretched out her longing arms, and claſped the air,)
To ſome adored object left forlorn
The fatal tidings of their death have born.
And the fierce Spectres that nocturnal riſe
And frown vindictive to the Murderer's eyes,
Till the deep crimes his fears had long concealed
Are in the anguiſh of his ſoul revealed:
Or like Oreſtes to diſtraction driven,
Bereſt of peace on earth, and hope in Heaven,
Stung with remorſe and torments ever new,
That as he flies in every place purſue.
The thouſand prodigies that ſtill we find
In ſpite of ridicule o'erawe the mind:

And dreams and viſions though at random told
That of futurity the veil unfold:
At that proud manſion verified ſo late
Whoſe unbelieving Lord foretold his fate.
Signs that on curtains, walls, and lights appear;
And ticking ſounds that oft aſſail the ear;
And Stars conjoined, and birds that hover nigh,
And Comets ſtreaming through the troubled ſky;
The wakeful owl that rends the midnight air
And ravens, coughs and rooks, that croak deſpair:
And the ſtrange inſtinct of the faithful Hound;
That oft the dead, by ſtealth interred, has found.
Moves round and round the ſpot on which he fell,
Paws the ſuſpicious turf with hideous yell
Of ſome lone Traveller to attract the eyes;
Still halting where his mangled body lies.

The unconquerable fears and ſecret dread
Of all who walk the manſions of the dead.
The Wretch on ſacrilegious errand bound,
Who oft has ſwooned but at a paſſing ſound.
Or who by love or reverence inclined
The bones of ſome departed friend to find
The yawning tombs and dark damp vaults has trod;
But when retreating from the dread abode
Feeling his robe by accident retained,
Has ſunk entombed, and with the dead remained.
Of ages paſt the uniform belief;
Who in the worſt extremes ſtill found relief
From Miniſters diſpatched by Jove's command;
Who oft himſelf ſtretched forth his powerful hand
To cruſh the Villain, and aſſiſt the brave,
And helpleſs innocence from death to ſave.

The fleeting ſhades of Warriors long deceaſed
And from the arduous toils of life releaſed,
That hourly with their ſavage Sons converſe
And plenty o'er their native land diſperſe;
Of peace and war, and life and death decide;
That oft are ſeen the thunderous blaſt beſtride
And through the fiery concave ſpeed their way;
Or tune their lyres to ſome harmonious lay
Enthroned upon a cloud-enveloped hill;
That uniformly their traditions fill,
That univerſally impreſs the mind,
And of the truth leave not a doubt behind.
'Mid the high feats ſo eloquently told
Of Scottiſh Kings, and Bards, and Warriors bold,
The ſtar-illumined Ghoſt of great Fingal!
Here peals of laughter echo through the Hall.

The Queſtion all impatiently demand,
When Fingal flies with all his airy band.
Since phantoms, ſhades, and prodigies they deem
Of Babes and Beldams the prepoſterous theme.

END OF THE SIXTY-SECOND CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE SIXTY-THIRD CANTO.

BUT ſoon their boiſterous mirth new woes ſucceed:
Soon the heart cancels what the head decreed:
Far more terrific ſounds each voice arreſt
And tenfold terrors creep through every breaſt.

For

For now Cyllenius, who liſtening ſat
While interdicted thus in vain debate,
Reſolves their impious fiat to reverſe
And all remaining doubts at once diſperſe.
Straight with obſtreperous craſh and harſh rebound
That ſhakes beneath their feet the ſolid ground,
(As the terrific Wand he waves again)
The wall that meets their view is rent in twain;
And from the hideous fracture yawning wide
A phantom iſſues forth in regal pride.
The Eagle's plume upon his head was placed
And robes of miſt his giant ſtature graced;
His hoary locks that o'er his ſhoulders ſtrayed
A viſage amiably ſevere diſplayed,
And his bare boſom, furrowed o'er with ſcars,
Beſpeaks the havock of a thouſand wars.

His voice the ſound of Jove's dread bolt outbraves;
His ſteps were like the ruſhing of the waves,
When Selma's rocks rebellow to the roar
And winter frowns upon the darkened ſhore.
His Javelin ſeems a pine of towering height;
And his broad buckler gleams upon the ſight
Like the new Moon ſeen through a gathered ſtorm;
While the Stars twinkle through his airy form.
Aloud they ſhriek! 'tis Fingal's ſelf appears!
And ſcour away, conſulting but their fears.
But now from houſe to houſe Cyllenius flew
And to domeſtic ſcenes confined his view;
A thouſand varied airs and forms aſſumed,
And thus the remnant of the day conſumed.
The ſame depraved and vitiated ſenſe
That founds integrity on mere pretence,

That places honour by corruption's ſide,
Diſdains of human life the moral guide,
And of each generous action taints the ſource,
The low ambition that has ſtill recourſe
To all the feeble arts that wealth ſupplies
Of baſe Plebeians to attract the eyes,
The garb of faſhion, the impoſing air,
The pomp of equipage, the ſumptuous fare,
The ſplendid biddings crowded o'er the glaſs,
That doubling by reflection as we paſs
Swell the long liſt of decorated names,
That every ſettled character diſclaims
And all the vigour of the ſoul unnerves,
In private as in public life obſerves.
Finds in the midſt of all this proud parade
A yawning liſtleſſneſs all hearts pervade,

Save

(Save thoſe that are for folly ſolely framed
And by no love but of themſelves inflamed)
All comfort loſt, all natural graces ſpurned,
And ſocial joy to diſſipation turned;
Which we to nature's rural haunts extend,
Even where for health our fainting ſteps we bend.
Where mild Hygeia her bleſſings pours
In healing ſtreams, or ſhelves the ſandy ſhores:
Where her weak votaries ſip the tepid wave
Or in the Ocean's briny boſom lave.
Finds in thoſe luxuries we vainly boaſt
The finer features of the mind are loſt;
As ſenſual joys increaſe, true taſte decays,
And foppery uſurps the meed of praiſe.
Finds ſenſe and feeling baniſhed from diſcourſe;
And every varied charm and ſweet reſource

That

That books and education have ſupplied,
By general concurrence thrown aſide.
While practiſed turns of wit ſupply their place
And kindle with eternal ſmiles the face;
The far-fetched thought, the vacant form of ſpeech,
Which none but Idiots dyed in grain can reach.
That we to Houyhnhnms might as well diſplay
Our parts, as to the Heroes of the day.
That we from age to age might here remain
And not collect of ſenſe one ſcattered grain;
Though bleſt with all the Stagirite could boaſt
Its moſt meridian blaze would here be loſt;
Would in a few revolving ſuns decay
And fritter imperceptibly away.
Finds what adorns the Perſon, Chaiſe and Houſe,
So much the object of their earneſt vows,

That

That the young Tyros trained in faſhion's ſchool
Can judge of merit by no other rule.
Thus when a Stranger of accuſtomed guiſe
They chance to meet, no longer lift their eyes
To ſee what virtues in his viſage ſhine,
Dim miniature of majeſty divine!
But the mere garb their judgment to diſplay
With many a ſcrutinizing glance ſurvey;
Still towards the earth their groveling optics bend;
Even to the latches of his ſhoes extend,
Then view their own, account him of the throng
And ſcowl contemptuous as they paſs along.
Think nought this flimſy merit can exceed
But of exalted rank the glorious meed;
Which as the million can ne'er obtain
Each ſervilely adores the titled train:

The

The current of diſcourſe for ever bends
To introduce his liſt of noble friends;
Still with an art, but awkwardly concealed
And to the leaſt diſcerning eye revealed,
From his vain lips their envied honours fall;
Though ſcarcely known, the favourite of all.
Or if the fiction be beyond belief
Some recent Knight affords a ſad relief!
Finds all that through the ranks of faſhion glide
Contaminated with this reptile pride;
With their high Patrons ever din the ear;
Nor aught on earth but wealth and rank revere.
While thoſe who ſuch diſtinguiſhed praiſe acquire
And to more ſounding titles ſtill aſpire,
Delighted liſten to the Syren ſong
And quaff the incenſe of the ſervile throng.

To

To higher powers, no leſs obſequious, give
The fulſome adulations they receive.
A vile Hypocriſy through all deſcries,
That what the face proclaims, the heart belies;
Which though in ſpite of nature we attain
Bars even the paltry ends of promiſed gain.
Faſtidious vanity to vice allied,
And rancorous envy and low-minded pride;
By ſecret jealouſies each boſom torn;
Of all benevolent affections ſhorn.
That men of ſenſe may more amuſement find
In the rough manners of the ſimple Hind,
Free from reſtraint, and artificial rules,
Than ſauntering through this Paradiſe of Fools.
There virtues oft are found in homely gear,
And gems though mingled with the duſt appear;

Here Counterfeits are pompouſly diſplayed,
With gliſtening foil and burniſhed gold inlaid.

END OF THE SIXTY-THIRD CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE SIXTY-FOURTH CANTO.

AMID the lower ranks, though far removed
From all this pomp of life ſo much beloved,
Remarks the ſame inordinate deſire
Pre-eminence in folly to acquire.

Thus when to opulence or power they riſe
Their ancient habits and their friends deſpiſe;
Ignobly bluſhing at their humble birth,
And ſpurning every claim of conſcious worth,
Conſpicuous flaunting through the courtly throng,
Expoſe the more the dirt from whence they ſprung.
While thoſe whom happier ſtars forbid to riſe
Their glittering rivals view with envious eyes;
Regardleſs of that calm domeſtic ſtate,
Removed from all the turmoils of the great,
In which they live, far more deſerving praiſe,
And 'mid their kindred paſs unclouded days.
With groundleſs jealouſies their peace deſtroy
And poiſon every comfort they enjoy.
Full often finds beneath the ſtraw roofed-cot
An eaſier mind, a more auſpicious lot

Than

Than all the glare of opulence ſupplies,
With gariſh ſcenes ſtill crowding on their eyes.
More frankneſs, eaſe, a more engaging air,
More willing aid, more hoſpitable care,
Than the moſt ſupple Paraſites can boaſt,
Who in hypocriſy all grace have loſt.
Finds here, in ſpite of an uncultured mind,
Impetuous flights, and manners unrefined,
A ſcene far more congenial to the heart,
That can more animated joys impart,
Nay, more conformable to nature's rule,
Than the ſtrange mummery taught in modern ſchool.
That 'twere the choiceſt boon the Gods could give
Here on a peaceful competence to live.
Full often here the learn'd delight to dwell:
And penſive wandering from the cloiſtered cell

Hear

Hear their plain tales, and trim their evening fire,
But from the circles of the great retire;
Diſguſted with the infatuated train
Their dignity in ſolitude maintain.
Or amid ſcenes of calm domeſtic joy,
Where no contemptuous ſneers their peace annoy
Nor envy tears the laurel from their brows,
Forgetting and forgotten find repoſe.
Inured to toil, yet by no Patron bleſt,
To all devoted, yet by none careſt,
Through ſickneſs, care, and ſorrow, mine their way,
And pendent cobwebs that eclipſe the day.
To garrets, inns and offices confined
Pour forth the treaſures of the cultured mind;
That ſhould in living characters be penned
And through all ranks their energy extend;

Or

Or walk in Colleges their narrow round;
But in the glare of life are rarely found.
Save ſome who to ſcholaſtic bays pretend
And to the ſervile drudgery deſcend
Of haunting Nobles to acquire a name,
Or drain their funds for a prepoſterous fame.
That we might paſs full many a vacant year
And through each devious tract delighted ſteer,
Upon the glittering waves of faſhion ride
And ſound the depths of her oblivious tide,
'Midſt all the labours that the learned expand,
Convinced no Muſe had ever graced the land.
In this contempt of merit unadorned,
This judgement univerſally ſuborned,
This ſervile deference to the rich and great,
Traces the canker that infects the State.

Finds

Finds here the rancid ſoil in which it grows;
The fetid ſource from whence corruption flows.
Finds in the Rout, the Revel, and the Race,
The Court, the Camp, the Club, the Church, the Chaſe,
As far as Luxury extends her reign,
(Of Freedom as of ſocial joys the bane)
The ſame accommodating turn of mind
That in the Senate has our rights reſigned.
Finds that the open purſe, the giving hand,
Whoſe voluntary aid throughout the land
Promotes the end of public charities
And boundleſs liberality implies,
(Whate'er the praiſe to individuals due
Whate'er the benefits that thence accrue)
From no diſtinguiſhed character proceeds,
No marked propenſity to generous deeds,

But

But from that opulence all ranks diſplay,
Which ever flies as faſhion leads the way;
The wild extravagance in which they live;
The deſpicable vanity to give
What oft at others' coſt has been obtained,
Or ſome induſtrious Creditor has gained.
If want for preſent ſuſtenance apply
They paſs diſguſted with averted eye;
Aſtoniſhed at the inſolence that dares
Diſturb their leiſure with obnoxious prayers.
If ſome heart-rending tale ſhe would relate,
Or claim protection from the oppreſſive great,
To more mature reflection they refer
Her grievous wrongs, that never more occur.
Or fearing a prudential fame to loſe
The unthankful taſk contemptuouſly refuſe.

Nor

Nor ſecond even the mercy of the laws
That of the poor have ſtill eſpouſed the cauſe;
Nor condeſcend to view the crowded cot;
Nor ſtrive to meliorate the homely lot
Of thoſe who round their native ſoil reſide,
Nor food, nor work, nor common care provide:
Save where the rate their avarice alarms
And of humanity improves the charms.
Finds where no intereſt prompts them to be kind
That few to charity are leſs inclined;
Nor can the Wretch in any clime on earth
Experience a more lamentable dearth!
Yet ſtill in queſt of miſeries they roam,
Regardleſs of the wants they find at home;
That ever preſſing on their walks appear;
So ſear the heart and ſo aſſail the ear

That

That they have ſcarce a feeling left for thoſe
Which faſhion's arbitrary laws oppoſe;
Which of all charity direct the courſe
And form of wretchedneſs the chief reſource.
Still to each claim obſequiouſly bend
To which the rich and great their cares extend;
With ſecret pride the glittering trace purſue;
Still oſtentatiouſly expoſe to view
Their generous deſigns and ample ſtores
Though age and want ſit pining at their doors:
Even where the inſtitutions they ſupport
Are of officious zeal the weak reſort,
And in the poor man's ſtate no change is found,
But ſignal miſchiefs to their own redound.

END OF THE SIXTY-FOURTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH CANTO.

'MIDST all theſe beneficial vanities
A weak and fickly character deſcries;
That whilſt their public gifts relieve the State
The tender intereſt in the Wretch's fate

That

Which is of Charity the genuine teſt
Daily diminiſhes in every breaſt:
'Midſt vain parade the principle decays
Or acts but from the impulſive meed of praiſe.
Perceives even Fortitude the Briton's boaſt
In his domeſtic character is loſt.
To adventurous feats and ſlaughterous deeds confined;
But rarely ſheds her influence o'er the mind.
Still bear-like kindles in the battle's rage:
Nor dares alone the inſulting foe engage
Oft in contempt of ſhame the friend defies:
Rouzed in a riot, in a duel dies.
The ſudden loſs with firmneſs to ſuſtain
Of ſome long-nouriſhed hope of ſplendid gain;
To ſcorn the loud laugh of the vulgar crew
And ſtedfaſtly each virtuous courſe purſue,

Diminiſhed

Diminiſhed wealth with equal mind to bear
And the coarſe viands unrepining ſhare;
Spurn the mean pleaſures of the thriftleſs board,
Content with what ſtrict juſtice can afford,
Or even in poverty be ſtill the ſame
As 'mid the wondering nation's loud acclaim;
To ſtem the tide of a corrupted age
And boldly with each giant vice engage,
Nor to become the higheſt of the throng
Conſent to acts moſt evidently wrong,
Nor omit thoſe though ruin ſhould enſue
To juſtice, truth, and public ſafety due;
The threats of venal Magiſtrates deſpiſe
And in diſgrace ſtill more ſublimely riſe;
In each domeſtic loſs to temper grief
And in departed virtue find relief,

If not like Savages in torments ſmile,
At leaſt the hours of ſickneſs to beguile
With thoſe enlivening truths by Heaven deſigned
To arm with patience the afflicted mind;
The Premier's frown, and public ſneer diſdain,
And ſpurn of bribery the unhallowed gain;
Even amidſt dungeons, chains and death uphold
Each great reſolve, in conſcious virtue bold;
Of freedom to preſerve the ſacred flame
And rather nobly die than live with ſhame;
Rather than live the Tyrant's throne to knee
Than hailed the firſt of Slaves, to periſh free:
On the bare ſtrand, to hounds or birds be caſt,
Or of a hundred freemen bleed the laſt;
'Midſt all the cares of life to be reſigned
To the high mandates of the Almighty mind,

Of

Of fortitude ſuch inſtances as theſe
No more the Briton's tainted palate pleaſe:
Who uncontroled by virtue's rigid laws
But ſtruggles to acquire a vain applauſe;
And ſunk in groveling vanities diſplay
Whate'er becomes the faſhion of the day.
As the tame flock the yelping cur diſmays,
As the meek child the Pedagogue obeys,
Trembling he views this Tyrant of the Soul
And thinks, and ſpeaks, and moves at her control.
As ſhe no act however wrong forfends
But what to ſtain her lackered credit tends,
No act however juſt and right enjoins
But the mere feint that more conſpicuous ſhines,
Thus ever watchful, bribes the voice of fame
And battens on the ſemblance of a name,

To this vile prototype of being true,
His only wiſh is to attract our view.
Still by ſucceſsful ſimulation thrives,
And in perpetual contradiction lives.
His actions ſtill his character belie,
Yet undetected public ſcorn defy.
As boldly through the tide of war he ſteers
So tremblingly the frown of fortune fears.
Nor more devoted zeal he there could ſhew
If Paradiſe were open to his view:
Nor more prepoſterous fears could here betray
If all his future hopes were ſwept away.
Though this in Laymen may be well forgiven
Where the ſworn Prieſt no longer truſts in Heaven:
Than whom of all the lambkins of his flock
None more of adverſe fortune feel the ſhock:

None

None more in each affliction of the mind
To criminal deſpondencies inclined.
What wonder then his Votariſt ſhould forego
The wholeſome truths that from Religion flow?
Should at the altar ſtill affect to own,
Yet prove in practice he believes in none?
Should with thoſe qualities be charmed the moſt
That ſtill are exerciſed at others' coſt?
To acts of fortitude be moſt inclined
That leaſt promote the intereſts of mankind?
Where no impetuous paſſions ſwell the breaſt
With more than childiſh weakneſſes depreſt?
Should meanly think of all he moſt ſhould prize
And doat on all that he ſhould moſt deſpiſe?
For Faſhion's frown or Scandal's poiſoned ſcourge
For ever from the rule of right diverge?

Laugh at the ſword, and tremble at the rod,
Cringe to his Patron, and inſult his God?

Thus through all ranks of life Cyllenius pries;
And thoſe appearances in all deſcries
That ſtrongly indicate ſome dreadful ſtorm
And call aloud for general reform.
Finds here opinions that all ſenſe diſclaim.
Finds few to worth ſubſtantiate their claim.
That no fixed principle in life is taught
Nor e'er to virtue trained the tender thought.
Low arts profeſſional purſuits degrade;
In pleaſure nought but folly, trick in trade.
Finds nature's ſober rules indignant ſpurned
And all to frothy oſtentation turned.
Finds conſcientious ſcruples ſwept away
And faſhion rule the breaſt with tyrant ſway.

The heart and head alike her influence own
And free-born Britons crouch before her throne.
Finds here the weak attempts to cheat the eye
And veil with charters acts of tyranny.
The miniſterial inſolence that dares
Of injured nations ſpurn the earneſt prayers,
The univerſal love of vain parade,
The towering luxuries that all ranks pervade,
The pliant humour of the rich and great,
The treacherous views of thoſe who rule the State,
The arts and intrigues to obtain applauſe,
The baſe apoſtacy from virtue's cauſe,
The encroachments on that equitable plan
Which nature dictates to the race of man,
Which in deſpight of power ſhe has impreſt
In living characters on every breaſt,

Which when beyond a certain boundary paſt
In univerſal uproar ends at laſt,
Which yet politic prudence may recall!
Of Rome enſlaved or France before her fall.

END OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH CANTO.

THE TRAVELS

OF

CYLLENIUS.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH CANTO.

DEEP Silence now, and brooding Darkneſs reign,
And gathered clouds o'erſpread the etherial plain:
The Moon with all her ſtarry train deſcends,
And towards the Triones Boötes bends

His

His oblique Pole; whilſt nature ſtretched ſupine
(Save where immerſed in inſolence and wine
Inebriate youth their reſtleſs vigils keep)
Enjoys the invigorating dew of ſleep.
The object of his miſſion now attained
And all eſſential information gained
That had on this dim ſpot prolonged his ſtay,
Back to the ſkies Cyllenius ſpeeds his way:
Through the dull gloom that earth envelops ſprings
And cleaves the Empyrean on expanded wings.
Where ſhines on all ſides round ſupremely bright,
Source of perpetual joy, celeſtial light.
Firſt-born of Heaven! ere through the deep was heard
The awful ſound of that omnifick word
Which bad the jarring elements be ſtill
And in the great deſign their ends fulfil.

From

From raging fires, prolific heat ariſe
And ſtreams of glory ſpread through all the ſkies.
Within due bounds the earth and ſea confined
Gave life to air and pinions to the wind.
Bade worlds ſelf-balanced round Heaven's glowing pole
Exulting move in one harmonious whole.

Yet not the blaze of atmoſpheric air
In full meridian ſplendor can compare,
Not even of tropic ſkies the effulgent gleam,
With that enlivening, all-inſpiring ſtream
That o'er the fields of ether ever flows
And pure etherial ſpirit only knows.
What Mortals can conceive, as much excels
As He with whom eternally it dwells.
Fair emanation of thoſe ſparks divine
That in the breaſt of Gods perennial ſhine!

The radiant image of their glory gives,
And incorporeal with their eſſence lives.
That beatific principle inſpires
Which univerſal happineſs deſires.
Fountain of ſweets, ecſtatic, chaſte, and pure,
That ſtill tranſport each ſenſe, yet ſtill allure.
That from thoſe charms which baſe deſires inflame,
Or even thoſe of more exalted aim
Which ſcience, art, or fancy can impart,
To raiſe, refine, or captivate the heart,
Can no increaſe of pleaſure e'er receive,
Yet pleaſure undiſturbed, unbounded give.
That grace and ſplendor ſhed on all around;
Surpaſſing all, that can on earth be found.
Where forms of baſe material germs compoſed
The frail expedients of art have glozed.

Here

Here ſweet Simplicity unrivalled reigns
Which frippery alike and coſt diſdains:
The bliſsful fount, that as Bards vainly dream
Rolls o'er Elyſian flowers her amber ſtream;
The ſpangled floor, with jaſper rich inlaid,
The emblazoned gate, the amaranthine ſhade;
The chryſtal walls that Heaven's high ſpace infold
And ſeas of liquid pearl, and ſteps of gold;
Of acceſs too ſecure, too high adorn
For aids like theſe, of man's weak fancy born!
Yet here ſubſtantially expreſt appear
Scenes that enchant the eye, and ſounds the ear.
Here oft in choral ſymphonies combined,
The lyre and voice, in magic numbers joined,
The whole celeſtial Choir aſſembled raiſe;
With hymns and ſongs innumerable, praiſe

Their great, immutable, eternal King,
And Heaven's wide regions with Hoſannas ring.
Whilſt bliſsful gales Ambroſia diſtil
And nectared ſweets the maſſive goblets fill
That ſparkling flow with pure etherial light,
In feſtivals of love and joy unite;
Commemorate of men the virtuous feats
Whoſe grateful incenſe chears their bliſsful ſeats.
Each great event that intereſts their cauſe
And beſt promotes of Jove the eternal laws.
Since that high epoch famed in Heaven and earth
From whence benignant nature dates her birth.
High o'er the reſt in majeſty divine,
And dazzling ſplendors that around him ſhine,
Though with exceſs of light his face concealed,
Stands of Omnipotence the form revealed.

Eternal

Eternal ſplendors thicken round his head.
Beyond all ſpace immeaſurably ſpread
The Empyrean unfolds her azure ſheet,
And ſable clouds expand beneath his feet.
Great nature's fabric leſſens in his ſight,
And the Stars glimmer with diminiſhed light;
That circled with each planetary ſphere,
And Moons that ſcarce perceptible appear,
Our puny earth, and interfected main,
With all the dark abodes of mortal men,
In one ſtupendous view revolve beneath;
Formed by his power and quickened by his breath;
For ever ſing his praiſes as they roll;
Of nature's univerſal frame the ſoul.
The Deities of Heaven on either hand
Diſtinguiſhed by ſymbolic enſigns ſtand,

But who ſhall forms like theſe preſume to trace
Where heavenly virtues, perfect beauty grace?
Where Love and Joy perſonified appear,
Inſuperable ſtrength, diſdaining fear;
Valour, that myriads dares alone engage
And kindles amid war's deſtructive rage.
Of dignity the paragons divine
That with unrivalled grace and beauty ſhine;
To female tenderneſs united here,
To wiſdom there and chaſtity ſevere;
By virtue's perilous emprize allured,
To indefatigable toil inured.
Activity that wakes the lingering morn,
Of temperance and rural habits born.
Authority, of law the rightful Heir,
That rules the deep with providential care.

Laborious

Laborious thought, that ridicule defies,
That ſtoops to toil the more by art to riſe.
Of female purity, the ſteady courſe,
That of domeſtic comfort is the ſource.
Benignant charity, whoſe outſtretched hand
Of induſtry the ſmiling train command.
Heart-eaſing Mirth and healthful Jollity,
Offspring of genuine hoſpitality.
Of Art and Science the myſterious round,
With living bays and light refulgent crowned;
With Beauty's choiceſt, chaſteſt forms combined
And features beaming with the eternal mind.
All theſe and more by merit raiſed to Gods
Perpetually adorn his bleſt abodes.
Here Maia's Son arrives on rapid wing
And bears his tidings to the Almighty King.

With joyous ſhouts the wide Empyrean rung!
Whilſt merited applauſe from every tongue
And loud acclaim, the welcome Stranger greet,
And hymns and ſacred ſongs his coming meet:
Who to the powers of Heaven that round him ſat
Reveals of Britain the diſaſtrous fate.
As he proceeds their acclamations ceaſe
And riſing murmurs fill the abodes of peace.
Some ſignal puniſhments their hearts preſage
With anguiſh oft oppreſt, and rouzed with rage,
At ſuch deep ſcenes of guilt, and mortal ſtrife,
That fill with bittereſt gall the cup of life.
Long had the heavenly Hoſt attentive hung
On thoſe portentous truths, that from his tongue
With more than mortal eloquence deſcend,
Whilſt of his Miſſion he fulfils the end.

Nor

Nor till the crimes he had diſtinctly told
That all the varied ſcenes of life unfold
And o'er our wide-extended realms prevail,
Of his adventurous feats concludes the tale.
All turned their eyes on Jove, now ſore diſpleaſed;
And ſilence was in Heaven. Three times he ſeized
The fatal bolt that even Immortals dread
And three times ſhook the ſplendors of his head:
That Earth and Sea and each revolving ſphere
And all that they inherit quake with fear.
Half raiſed awhile his arm ſuſpended hung,
And indignation faultered on his tongue,
That thus his highly favoured State ſhould err.
Still ponders o'er their fate in deep demur.
Doubtful what puniſhment might beſt beſeem
His ſlighted laws or their loſt good redeem.

Whether

Whether with fire and ſword lay waſte their land,
Or o'er their manſions ſpotted plagues expand;
Or ſuch as Amram's Son in times of yore
From Oreb to the Memphian Palace bore;
Or what ſtill worſe to anarchy conſigned,
The moſt tremendous ſcourge of human kind,
And by a thouſand jarring factions toſt,
Once more regenerate at their proper coſt.
But milder thoughts at length reſume the ſway
And all his wonted clemency diſplay.
Since pure deluſions thus their thoughts inflame,
Since they their ancient character diſclaim,
To voluntary frenzies ſtill reſigned
And leave each trace of prudence far behind,
Nor heed of God or Man the warning voice,
Let dire neceſſity confirm their choice.

Let

Let their true intereſts ſtill eſcape their view;
Mad as the winds, their favourite ſchemes purſue;
And each event that rationals deplore
But in their vices harden them the more.
Such be their doom, the Thunderer replies,
Until their ſufferings teach them to be wiſe.
As the fierce Boar envenomed inſects ſting,
Or famiſhed Leopards from their covert ſpring,
And howling with excruciating pain,
Precipitately o'er the duſky plain
Towards the weak folds and peaceful hamlets ſcour,
Prone to revenge, impatient to devour;
As the rouzed Lion, ſtaves and darts moleſt,
Fearleſs preſents his undefended breaſt,
Still preſſes onward 'mid increaſing foes
Nor heeds though ſore oppreſt their ſtunning blows,

So fierce, ſo mad, ſo rouzed with ruthleſs rage,
In conſtant wars, Britannia's Sons engage.
Even in the very lap of calm repoſe
Still find ſome cauſe of ſtrife, ſome ſource of woes.
As much enamoured of their proper bane
As others of their ſafety, peace, or gain.
Bleſſings they might with grateful hearts enjoy
Still find prepoſterous reaſons to deſtroy,
And place upon the hazard of a die,
What might with prudence time and force defy.
Their airy hopes as ſtrenuouſly claſp
As drowning Mariners their ſhadows graſp;
And riſque their very being to ſecure
What if attained their ruin muſt enſure.
Still by fantaſtic meteors led aſtray,
Deluſive lights, that dazzle to betray,

Like

Like one who tottering on the brink of fate
Whirls the celeſtial ſphere with joy elate;
Or o'er a Syrtis would his courſe purſue,
Charmed with the rainbow's rich emblazoned hue.
Contemplate each event with ſtrange ſurprize,
Though ſelf-baptized of all on earth moſt wiſe,
That hiſtory might in every page unfold
Or the moſt wretched Quidnunc have foretold.
Though their own States unable to control
Would ſtretch their puny arms from Pole to Pole;
Aſſume of power ſupreme the gorgeous robe
And hold the balance of the ſubject globe.
Though ſorely galled at each diſaſtrous turn
Yet never can its real cauſe diſcern,
Nor by experience warned their errors rue,
But ſoon revived the ſelf-ſame courſe purſue.

In frantic mood tremendous battles wage;
Like Mancha's Knight with fulling-mills engage;
Or him who with more furious paſſions toſt,
By ſudden jealouſy his ſenſes loſt,
On trees and rocks his giant ſtrength employed
And whilſt his foes triumphed himſelf annoyed.
Like ſwarming Bees in devious circles ſtray,
Yet to no fixed abode direct their way
Lured by no honied hive, no fragrant bower,
But with new changes fill each liſtleſs hour.
Their occupations ſtudiouſly eſchew
That they may boaſt the merit to purſue;
Or even in error ſeek ſome cauſe to grieve,
That may the tedium of life relieve.
Their envied ſtate moſt zealouſly affect
Yet omit all that might the heart correct;

Convinced

Convinced that man by nature is depraved
And by no art nor effort can be ſaved.
That Vice and Folly's overwhelming flood
Have no connection with the public good;
That while the mouldering earth ſtill falls away
The fabric it ſupports can ne'er decay.
That empires beſt by venal arts are ſwayed
And all the baſe chicanery of trade;
That all were loſt ſhould they by truth decide
Or take eternal Juſtice for their guide.
Think that beſt policy of old decreed
A thouſand deſpicable ſhifts exceed.
That palpable deceits which brave all laws
Are moſt ſubſervient to the public cauſe;
That foul offences, crimes which ſmell to Heaven,
Which nor by Gods nor men can be forgiven,

May be endured if profit ſhould accrue
Or paſſing evils from reform enſue;
If in the Senate ſome few votes be gained,
Or prowling Harpies on the perch maintained.
Of their departed rights ſtill vainly boaſt
As if not even a particle were loſt.
Of ſublunary bleſſings moſt eſteem
Yet Traitors all who would retrieve them deem.
Still to ſupport their government pretend
Though nought but forms are left them to defend.
What might the ſpirit of the laws reſtore
As earthquakes, plagues, or hurricanes deplore.
Find amidſt thoſe who burn with patriot zeal
The ſworn Aſſaſſins of the public weal.
Still on deſpotic ſway all order found
And liberty with anarchy confound;

Still place the ſole criterion of ſenſe
Upon the honied lip of eloquence.
Wars in a guſt of paſſion ſtill declare
Then gravely ſeek their ravage to repair;
Still ſtronger reaſons find to urge the blow
Than when from pure neceſſity they flow.
But ſingle wars diſdaining now to wage,
Half Europe in one deſperate league engage.
Not now content their rivals to annoy
Would a whole Empire at a blow deſtroy;
Would ſtake the nation's worth and her laſt man
But to facilitate the glorious plan.
Such freaks and more, too tedious to relate,
That plainly argue their diſtempered ſtate,
(Finding the puniſhment muſt far exceed
The moderate bounds his wiſdom had decreed

And every trace of liberty eraze)
Great Jove with pitying eye at length ſurveys;
And that politic frenzy erſt concealed
To many a patriot breaſt has now revealed.
But as even when the electric fire is ſped
The brooding tempeſt maddens over head,
When the loud hurricane has ceaſed to blow
Still with tremendous force the ſurges flow,
Though the ſure antidote has been applied
The Patient rolls convolved from ſide to ſide,
Curſes the auſpicious ſource of future eaſe
And thinks the cure far worſe than the diſeaſe,
So from this fatal ſentence now relieved
Still of their ſober ſenſe they are bereaved.
Curſe the ſole remedy that Heaven has ſent
Nor of their paſt deluſions yet repent.

With frantic rage, no reaſon can repel,
Againſt their real intereſts ſtill rebel.
The very mention of reform abhor,
And ſcatter o'er the earth the flames of war.
Prophets of ill, inſidious Traitors call
Whoſe timely aid would intercept their fall;
And treat with more contempt the great deſign
Than Teucer's Sons their Propheteſs divine.
The Patriot far more diſtracted deem
Than thoſe that he from ruin would redeem:
His body ſtill to dungeons have conſigned
And to the flames the efforts of his mind.
At length a Bard, the meaneſt of the throng,
Strove as he paſt the vale of life along
(Diſcouraged by the ill ſucceſs of proſe)
In ruſtic rhymes the ſecret to diſcloſe.

Britannia liſtened to his artleſs lays
And bleſt the Harbinger of better days!

F I N I S.



ERRATA IN VOL. II.

Canto 36. Page 3, line 10, for *Briæus* read *Briareus*.

Canto 45. Page 12, line 9, for *their* read *its*. Ditto, laſt line, for *bribery on all ſides* read *bribes on every ſide*.

K with preceding

1346. c. 31
2

Speedily will be publiſhed, Price 3*l.* 6*s. in Boards,*

THE TRAVELS OF CYLLENIUS:

A POEM. In SIXTY-SIX CANTOS.

CONTENTS.

CANTO 1, Of a very inflammatory tendency, and calculated to do miſchief.

2, Scandalum Magnatum, or a Song in praiſe of Miniſters.

3, Milk and Water, to allay the fiery ſpirit of Sedition.

4, An arrant Fool ſet up for a Patriot.

5, The moſt approved principles of Patriotiſm treated with contempt.

6, "Le plus ſaint devoir de l'Homme," reduced to a very narrow compaſs.

7, Cyllenius travels a great way in ſearch of Inferences; and over a rough Country. "Neglectis flagitium ingens."

8, His political zeal breaks-out more furiouſly than ever.

9, Further Strictures on thoſe honeſt men called the Miniſtry, and a moſt wicked attempt to ſeparate the abuſes of Government from its integral parts; the whole amounting, according to the moſt recent authorities, to High Treaſon.

10, Sketches of paſt Scenes, interſperſed with a kind of rambling philoſophy. "Still harping on my daughter."

11, The God turns out a mere Swindler.

12, Trifling abuſes magnified into horrors by the magic touch of Cyllenius.

13, Shows the great benefits derived from the Slave-Trade, in ſaving the lives of Priſoners of War, who would otherwiſe be put to death.

14, A

14, A more particular enumeration of the aforeſaid benefits.

15, Some trifling exceptions to the general rule.

16, The Author amuſes himſelf in chopping blocks with a razor.

17, A deſcription of the evening, accompanied with many edifying reflections.

18, A Landſcape upon a large ſcale.

19, Shows that our notable Reformers of the Slave Trade (who, God bleſs them! know nothing at all of the matter) wiſh merely to correct abuſes, but not to put an end to the trade itſelf; which would be attended with ruin to our commerce and the moſt dreadful effects to the world in general.

20, That theſe Reformers are a chip of the old block.

21, Proves that excellent remark, that the Negro ſlavery is far preferable to the ſituation of our induſtrious poor, whence it is conjectured that great numbers will ſpeedily join them, by way of bettering their condition. N. B. This Canto abounds in inſtances of the moſt acute reaſoning.

22, Cyllenius, unacquainted with the affairs of this world, miſtakes Negroes for men, and really thinks they are very ill uſed. Riſum teneatis amici?

23, Continues to hold forth on the ſame ſubject, but makes ſtrange overſights for want of better information.

24, Diſcovers the Slave Trade to be the blackeſt of all crimes!!! and overlooking the wonderful benefits reſulting from it, and the approved humanity of its abettors, and the ruinous conſequence of the meaſure itſelf, ferioufly adviſes its total abolition!!!

25, The Author makes a digreſſion among the ſtars.

26, A ſpecimen of the true ſentimental drawl. Somno aptum papaver.

27, A moſt infernal attempt to diſtinguiſh bad men from good, in ſpite of one common name that unfortunately confounds them, and to reſcue religion from the fangs of hypocriſy.

28, A

28, A Moon-light as clear as day.

29, More ſmoke than fire.

30, A very faſhionable circle, frequented chiefly by people "one knows."

31, A very numerous circle, but leſs faſhionable, frequented chiefly by people "nobody knows."

32, The moſt immaculate, reſpectable and good ſort of men beſpattered; trifling differences ſtrongly inſiſted upon.

33, Faſtidious ideas of morality.

34, The Author continues his attack on all profeſſional eminence.

35, Some account of a new diſcovered country, by a Traveller returned.

36, An Anſwer to the Query, What will become of us? ſtrongly recommended to Defaulters of all kinds.

37, Cyllenius eſcapes from the ſmoke and confuſion of Hell, but finds ſomewhat of the ſame kind above ground.

38, A peep behind the curtain.

39, A Speech that ought to have been made in Parliament.

40, A Guide to the Cabinet, containing the leading features of Mr. Pitt's Adminiſtration. "I do ſee the bottom of Juſtice Shallow."

41, A ſtrange accident that befel Mr. Pitt as he was going out of the Houſe of Commons, in conſequence of which he talks wildly.

42, Continues to talk wildly.

43, Words without meaning.

44, "Sound and Fury, ſignifying nothing."

45, Raves about John Wilkes and Alderman Beckford.

46, Betrays ſymptoms of Inſanity.

47, Stronger ſymptoms.

48, Abſolute Madneſs! which increaſes to ſuch a height that his attendants are preparing to put him in a ſtraight-waiſtcoat, when happily he recovers and talks as rationally as any Miniſter.

49, The proceſſion of a Great Perſonage to the Houſe, who

who touched by the Wand of Cyllenius tears the — Speech of his Miniſter, and makes one more ſuitable to the occaſion.

50, A Miniſterial Panegyric, enumerating the bleſſings of our happy Conſtitution: a highly finiſhed picture!

51, A Speech of Cyllenius, who preſumes to differ from the aforeſaid Orator, but can find no ſufficient Reaſons for ſo doing.

52, Attempts to prove "the time is out of joint;" a very weak attempt indeed!

53, Indecent Reflections on the Clergy and others.

54, A wonderful inſtance of obſtinacy and blindneſs, in not ſeeing the advantages reſulting from our glorious Wars, eſpecially to the poorer part of the community.

55, The ſame want of penetration diſplayed in other inſtances.

56, Dark Hints about Reform, from whence it ſeems the God is not well diſpoſed to our happy Conſtitution.

57, Further Hints, which prove this excellent Maxim, That all who cry out for Reform only mean to attack the Conſtitution.

58, A rank Democrat!!!

59, Rambling dull ſtuff.

60, More nonſenſical than the preceding, which happily concludes the Speech of Cyllenius. "Ferali carmine Bubo."

61, A gentle ſuſcitation to the drowſy Reader, being a tranſition from Politics to Ghoſt Stories.

62, Horrible! moſt horrible! and no leſs true than horrible.

63, John Bull is attacked.

64, Poor John is treated rather roughly.

65, Incomprehenſibilities.

66, A beautiful deſcription of a dark Night, which completes the work.

